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TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY."*

In its enthusiastic announcement of the new poem by Mr. Tennyson, the leading journal of Great Britain declared that *Queen Mary* possessed more dramatic fire than anything which has appeared since Shakspeare's day; and, inferentially, ranked the Poet-Laureate's drama with Shakspeare's historical plays. Such commendation, issuing from a tribunal believed to apply, in literature, at least, only the purest tests, and to exercise, in æsthetics, a calmness of judgment which national prejudice would be incapable of weakening, naturally raised very high expectations of the artistic qualities of the dramatic poem which called it forth. We say "dramatic poem," for, although the author and his most distinguished eulogist agree in naming *Queen Mary* a drama, it will be shown, we think, that it is not a drama, in the practical sense, nor yet a very good historical poem, but only a medley of history and poetry in a crude and impracticable dramatic form.

Mr. Tennyson has written so many pleasing things, of a very flimsy texture, to be sure, but still pleasing, that his understood departure from a graceful and effeminate habit of thought into a dramatic school whose principal characteristics are breadth and robustness, raised an agreeable anticipation of the fruit of his journey, for it was natural to suppose that he would carry there his ability to clothe emotion in the utmost tenderness, and his skill as a workman in the exquisite polish of rhythm. To assure us that the author of *In Memoriam* and *Enoch Arden* had written a drama worthy of association with the historical masterpieces of Shakspeare, was to arouse the delightful hope that we were to discover in one

* Queen Mary: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: Hadley Brothers & Co. 12mo., pp. 284.

product of human endeavor the vigor, the boldness, the nobility, the truthfulness, the majesty of the greatest of playwrights, combined with, and probably softened by, the womanly grace, the delicacy of fancy, the mellowness of color, which constitute the uniqueness of the Laureate's work, and are the chief merits of *The Princess* and *The Idyls of the King*.

It would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Tennyson never to have abandoned his remarkable mannerism of imagination and nicety of diction to try on the armor of a great genius, for he has not the mental stature requisite for ease in the intellectual apparel, nor strength enough to use readily or with effect the materials and the weapons of a giant. When Mr. Tennyson deliberately shut himself out of the library from which he has given to the world the multitude of sometimes obscure, but always pretty, constructions of fancy and labor,—in thanks for which the world has awarded him, in return, a highly respectable place in the second class of poets,—he assuredly committed a hazard whose courage we instinctively admire; but when we find him on Shakspeare's stage, measuring the pigmy proportions of his dim and distant heroes, his consumptive swains, and well-bred, melancholy, and dyspeptic women, with the full-blooded living creations of muscle, brain, heart, and nerve which the author of an Othello, a Lady Macbeth, a Wolsey, a Richard III has left in immortal existence, the Laureate's courage assumes a new aspect, in harmony with which our admiration changes to wonderment and pity. In striving to be less of himself, Tennyson has not been able to become more of Shakspeare. To undertake to establish the contrary will be found to have been a waste of very arduous labor. Time is the only absolutely correct test; and—so vast is the height of Shakspeare above Tennyson—we venture to predict that *Queen Mary*, as Tennyson wrote it, will never be enacted upon any stage; and that, as a poem, the deliberate verdict of the Laureate's most indulgent friends will place it below *In Memoriam*.

As an historical drama, its truthfulness to individual character and its fidelity to fact are the first essentials. Mankind are spiteful and malignant to contemporaries; but we all demand that historians shall be judicial, and the fairness of human nature is most candidly exercised toward those of past generations who no longer furnish quarrels even for the worms. *Nil nisi bonum* is a maxim for the funeral hour; but to speak nothing of the dead that is not true is an obligation resting upon the historical dramatist quite as clearly as upon the historian. Mr. Tennyson appears to have attempted to transcribe one turbulent portion of English history, as a dramatist, in the same spirit of unfrankness which Mr. Froude applied—with what results we are all aware—to another. Of the two, Tennyson is the less blamable; he does not become counsel for each of his favorites, and prosecuting attorney toward every one who is on the other side. That is what Mr. Froude did. Now the booksellers cannot dispose of Mr. Froude's volumes, and the stock can only be gotten rid of, we suspect, by changing its name from "history," which it is not, to romance, under which it would classify better. Mr. Tennyson has not sinned so deeply as his fellow-countryman, but that he has erred, and erred to such an extent as will prevent *Queen Mary* from being unanimously accepted as historical, will readily be admitted by even his partisans, after comparing, for instance, his Cranmer with the Cranmer of fact and truth. This is the Cranmer of the poem:

CRANMER.

Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying, right and left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me:
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

PETER MARTYR.

But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence, her hate
Will burn till you are burned.

CRANMER.

I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.
"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife."—'Tis written,
"They shall be childless." True, Mary was born,
But France would not accept her for a bride
As being born from incest; and this wrought
Upon the king; and child by child, you know,
Were momentary sparkles, out as quick
Almost as kindled; and he brought his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him
He *did* believe the bond incestuous.

* * * * * * *

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's officers
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

CRANMER.

Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly. [*Exeunt.*

This is an upright, sincere, devoted churchman, clearly understanding the doctrine which he preaches, abiding by its dogmas with the persistence of a hero, and rejoicing that the martyr's palms are soon to be passed into his grasp. No such man was the Cranmer who, sacrificing everything,—honor, religion, theology, even personal decency,—in order to remain an office-holder of the king, proved the stumbling-block of England and the Judas of the English Catholic Church. The Cranmer who connived at the marriage of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn was a cowardly, avaricious hypocrite, whom even Macaulay characterizes as an "unscrupulous time-server." Had he possessed the physical, to say nothing of the moral, courage of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, he would have shared their glorious fate, and the king would have had to look for another chaplain. His hypocrisy and cowardice merely postponed his fate, unjust as it may have been, horrible as it certainly was. When Tennyson puts into his canting mouth,

"The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me,"

he is again historically wrong, for he knows they were not, and no man knew that better than Cranmer. The hypocrisy of the latter began with his consecration, and ended only in his death. On the very day of his investiture "he withdrew into a corner, and there made a protest against what he was going publicly to swear in regard of his obedience to the See of Rome." After this perjury, he asks Henry to give him authority to divorce the king from his lawful wife; and when this burlesque had been carried out, he confirmed Henry's marriage with Anne, which had taken place four months before the divorce. As for the universities and schoolmen, not one of the latter who was respectable placed himself on the king's side, notwithstanding the unabashed bribery which the royal agents employed all over Europe; and, after a bribe of two millions of crowns to the King of France, the pretended assent of the University of Paris was secured by barefaced fraud, and the answers of the dissenting universities were suppressed. Cranmer's cowardice and hypocrisy, as well as the inaccuracy of Mr. Tennyson, are further shown by the conduct of the archbishop at the time of and after his arrest. The poet intends that the reader shall believe Cranmer is sent to the Tower for his religion. The undisputed fact is that he was sent there for signing the patent which settled the crown on Lady Jane Grey, a political offence which would constitute high treason in any monarchy then or now. When sentenced to death, the coward and hypocrite were both so strong in him that, to save his life, he expressed a willingness to renounce the doctrines of the Reformation. Tennyson, later in the poem, makes a partial attempt to exhibit Cranmer's vacillation, but

only for the purpose of strengthening the man in the final scene.

It is true that Cranmer was executed nominally for heresy and not for treason, but the change was made in order to subject him to the same barbarity which, under the previous reign, he had been the means of visiting upon others. We do not excuse the manner of his death, nor defend the cruelties of Mary's reign; these are without defence. But it is assuredly obligatory to remember that Mary only copied the example left by her father, whose conduct Cranmer always approved; and that the savage penalties inflicted under her administration were not of her invention. They had been chiefly patented by her Protestant father, and whatever additional ones were contributed in her name were deliberately enacted by a Parliament of Englishmen, and carried out by ministers, who were inspired by their hates, revenges, greed, and ambition, not by love for God or anxiety to advance the interests of the Church which their conduct disgraced. Tennyson is again disingenuous when he misrepresents Mary as solicitous for the death of Lady Jane Grey for heresy. Lady Jane, with a bravery of which Cranmer was incapable, mounted the scaffold on account of having accepted the offer of the crown of England while the diadem rested on a legitimate head. The responsibility of her death rests upon her father, her husband, and their co-conspirators.

The character of Mary, as outlined by Mr. Tennyson, is unkindly, if not viciously, overdone. It is a fashion in England now, set by Mr. Gladstone, to paint in as hideous hues as possible everything and everybody, past or present, accusable of friendly leaning toward Rome; and Mr. Tennyson, while giving us a piece of portraiture dubbed "Elizabeth," which quite surpasses the flattering presentment of that royal woman so laboriously accomplished by Mr. Froude, is at great pains to make Mary a little better than a brute in certain respects, and merely brutal in many others. The unimpassioned truth is that Mary possessed more of her father's good traits than Elizabeth did; she was far more womanly in domestic affairs, and her worst enemies never found cause for staining with slander her unimpeached name. She loved one man profoundly and purely, and she loved him to the day of her death, notwithstanding his indifference, neglect, and actual desertion. Elizabeth, on the contrary, loved no man truly, and we do not propose to discuss here the quality of affection which conflicting historians predicate of her friendship toward a large number of different men. Elizabeth was Mary's superior in masculine executiveness; she had better counsellors; the people were more united; there was less horror among the masses over the constant application of monstrous penalties for religious offences; the relations of England with foreign powers were more advantageous; and her long reign enabled her, under so favoring circumstances, to make up a record of administrative success, beside which Mary's brief reign appears insignificant. But in making a parallel between the personal characters of the two queens, Mr. Tennyson commits, subjectively, the curious fault of anticipating the summed-up results of the respective reigns, and then applies them, with the discrimination of a partisan, to the differentiation of their individual characters. The fact is that, as women and as queens, they had many excellent and many coarse traits in common, and they drew them from the same Tudor well. Both women were the natural products of the age in which they lived. Both participated in a barbarous code of life-taking for political and creed offences. But of the two, Mary's character is the more amiable. In cruelty she was far outdone by Elizabeth. The death of Lady

Jane Grey was unavoidable under the law; but Elizabeth defied and outraged law in the slaughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

Neither is to be held wholly responsible for the excesses committed under royal approval, for neither equalled their father in ingenuity or heartlessness of cruelty, but Elizabeth certainly came the nearer to him. Nevertheless the poet insists that Queen Mary was capable of everything devilish; and that Elizabeth was a paragon of beauty, studiousness, sincerity, and virtue. We protest that mankind are too disinterested to tolerate upon the stage, or to read without disgust and indignation, so manifest an injustice as that which, for mere bigotry and the clapping of bigot's hands, makes of one cruel but successful queen a heroine and a saint, and of another queen, far less cruel and utterly unfortunate, an imbecile and a fiend.

We have not space to follow Mr. Tennyson's prejudices into their tortuous byways of minor personages. Enough to say that he rarely misses an opportunity to exalt the Protestant and defame the "Papist."

We have already ventured to affirm that *Queen Mary* cannot be successful, in its present form, as a drama. There are dozens of better dramatic poems lying dusty on library shelves, which the generous craft of the most skilful playwrights has failed to get upon the stage, or to keep there after a first public attempt. The plays which the people go to see and hear, are those which, no matter when they were written or by whom, are adapted, in truthfulness of conception and practical construction, for stage enactment. Had Shakspeare been merely a poet, he would no doubt have written great poems, and possibly dramas; but his Hamlet and his Shylock would have been read, not acted. The unequalled talent of the playwright was an integral part of his splendid genius as a poet; and it was this extraordinary mental combination which has kept his plays green and fresh upon the stage, while, on the one hand, the poems of a Milton, and, on the other, the plays of even so admirable dramatists, as Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are alike only read, and the number of their readers does not increase. Nobody would think of ranking Tennyson with Milton as a poet; still less is he entitled to be placed on a par with Jonson as a dramatist. He is a better poet than Bulwer; and yet Richelieu will always stride the boards; and a more successful *litterateur* than Lalor Sheil; but Evadne will be listened to and gazed upon with delight, even after the name of its gallant young author shall alone survive his other literary toil. In fact, *Queen Mary* possesses very few essentially histrionic properties.

"The real object of the drama," as Macaulay says, "is the exhibition of human character," and Mr. Tennyson fails in this, because his prejudices and interest have misled him into misrepresentation and favoritism. After committing this fundamental falsity, he thrusts so large a crowd of persons upon the stage that the bewildered spectator is at once fatigued, and a play which produces fatigue furnishes its own death. *Queen Mary* contains no less than forty-five distinct personages, besides troops, retainers, lords, members of the privy council, aldermen, peasants, ushers, pages, and members of Parliament. This excess is best appreciated by comparison: *Hamlet* contains less than half as many; the *Merchant of Venice*, the same as *Hamlet; Macbeth* employs twenty-two persons; *Much Ado about Nothing* eighteen; *All's Well that Ends Well* fourteen; *As You Like It* twenty-one; *Lear* nineteen; *Othello* thirteen; while of Shakspeare's longest plays, *King John* contains twenty-two, *Richard the Third* twenty-eight, *Julius Cæsar* thirty-

one, *Henry VIII* twenty-eight; and all of these are invariably and, indeed, necessarily, "cut." Mr. Tennyson commits another fatal blunder in requiring the stage-manager to shift the scenes too often. *Queen Mary* is composed of five acts. The first is diluted into five scenes, the second into four, the third into six, the fourth into three, and the fifth into five—in all, twenty-three.

The best drama which poetic genius can contrive, could not triumphantly withstand such dilution, unless it abound in climaxes of the most sensational sort, and *Queen Mary* is quite as free from "sensations" as is all the rest of Mr. Tennyson's writing, except *Enoch Arden*. It contains no "situations;" never raises expectation; and while it is not Greek in its plan, its details possess none of the telling "points" of the modern drama, whether represented by Shakspeare or Boucicault.

There are, indeed, stirring passages, which, in the hands of clever players, would thoroughly interest a sympathetic audience. For instance, Scene V of the first act, in which Mary, at the outset, discusses Philip of Spain successively with her waiting-maid Alice, with Gardiner, Noailles, the French ambassador, Renard, the ambassador from Spain, and, at the close, wins from her council a reluctant consent to her marriage. This is the strongest scene in the drama; it is long, but the temper is evenly maintained. The third scene of the third act, in which the Papal absolution is read, is impressive, and will probably prove picturesque if put on the boards; but its termination is weak. The final scene of the last act represents the Queen's death. She writes to her absent husband, whom she has never ceased to love with a fervor to which he was incapable of response:

"I am dying, Philip; come to me."

She points to his picture on the wall:

MARY.

"Doth he not look noble!
I had heard of him in battle over seas,
And I would have my warriors all in arms.
He said, it was not courtly to stand helmeted
Before the queen. He had his gracious moments,
Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles
As if he loved me yet!"

In a paroxysm of rage, remembering his infidelities, she cuts out the picture, casts it, with a taunt, upon the floor, and then wails:

"O God, I have killed my Philip!"

She hears a cry of "Elizabeth!" on the street, and exclaims:

"What's that? Elizabeth? Revolt?
A new Northumberland? Another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave!"

She departs from the stage to die, and the natural climax is aborted, in order—strange incongruity—to permit the proclamation of Elizabeth as queen.

As to the literary merits of *Queen Mary*, aside from its historical truth, or its effectiveness as a drama, there will be a diversity of opinion. Detached portions of the poem display a manlier sweep than that which characterizes Mr. Tennyson's usual work; there are passages of angry dispute, as between Gardiner and Pole, for instance, which are marked by a sustained vigor that closely resembles what the *London Times* meant by dramatic fire. The polish of style and daintiness of phrasing, which render *Enoch Arden* a perfect piece of verbiage, is lacking; and one misses the tiny lyrics which are so enticing a feature of *The Princess*. Two little songs are introduced, that of the Milkmaid, in the third act, which is Tennysonian in its musical lack of meaning; and this tender plaint by the Queen, in the second scene of the last act—

MARY (sings):

"Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the
world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute; oh, low, my lute! we fade and are
forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!"

Taken as a whole, the dramatic poem of *Queen Mary* will scarcely change, one way or the other, the rank which Mr. Tennyson has already been accorded.

IN ETERNAL PEACE.

VERY REV. DR. MORIARTY, O.S.A.

JULY 10TH, 1875.

I.

I LOOKED from my lattice when twilight was falling,
And saw in the heavens one beautiful star,
That hung, like a tear from the eye of an angel,
Alone in the blue of the zenith afar.
But e'en as I hailed it, and blessed its pure light,
The clouds closing 'round it obscured it from sight.

II.

Serene thro' my chamber a whisper was wafted:
"Beyond its dark curtain the star shines the same;
Tho' mortals behold not the light of its lustre,
The angels rejoice in its radiant flame.
So shineth behind the dark curtain of Death,
The soul of the saint who hath triumphed in faith!"

III.

Oh! blest be that symbol of grandeur departed,
That type of a glory untouched by the tomb!
Tho' clouds close around thee, O great Moriarty!
Thy soul is the star that surmounteth the gloom.
And far o'er the shadows that curtain thy dust,
Thou livest, thou shinest with God and the just!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."

I.

RELIGION can touch even the deepest sorrow, for God sees and comprehends all; but it is rare for human sympathy to reach below the surface griefs of life. Who is there that has not had a sorrow—dumb to his fellow-men—crying out in agony to God? Love, friendship, may solace; but he alone can understand the hearts he has made. You may hear the story of others' sorrow, and call it an idle tale, because, forsooth, there are no mock heroics, no passions torn in tatters: as if the silence of a Stylites were not immeasurably more expressive than all the words a great poet has put into his mouth.

I do not imply that these two people, between whose life-paths a great gulf opened, are silent saints. No; I only mean to say that the real depths of their sorrow could be fathomed only by themselves and God.

Charles Wernly was the great man of Glenborough. Indeed, a proposition to make the name of the town Wernly City had been rejected only by the steadfast opposition of the man whom the Glenboroughites delighted to honor. He had spent the prime of his life in building the prosperity of the place, and now, in his declining years, it was just that he should be rewarded. He had changed the little village, with its slow and sure population of Pennsylvania Dutch, into a thriving, smoky town, with thousands of hurrying workmen. The voice of the energetic little stream was drowned amid the ceaseless clang of machinery, and the silver and gold of the field-daisies had long ago been crushed under piles of rubbish. Well, it was all for the best; the little country village had had its day, and the toilers of Glenborough would have soon been conscious of an aching void, if the Wernly Iron Works were replaced by wild flowers and stream murmurs.

Charles Wernly was rich—so rich, people said, that he knew but half his riches. That was nonsense, however, for Charles Wernly was not a man to be content with half knowledge of anything that interested him. His pride and his perseverance were unlimited. He was proud of himself first, of his wealth, of his daughter. His pride was not meant to be vulgar and ostentatious, but he showed it, in a gentlemanly kind of way—not like self-made pride generally—in every inflection of his voice, every movement of his body. His wife had died in giving birth to his only child, Mary, who had just passed her seventeenth year when she completed her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Riverside.

He was not a Catholic. He did not trouble himself much about religion, he admitted. He had no prejudices; his father had been a Quaker, his mother a Presbyterian, and he was nothing. Somehow or other, he had always got along well enough without religion. He thought though, that convent-educated girls were better than girls taught in secular boarding-schools. And if Mary wanted to be a Catholic, he didn't care; a woman without religion seemed to want ballast. He guessed Catholics were as good as other people.

And though he "guessed"—as even the best of us poor, unenlightened Pennsylvanians will do sometimes—he was not an uneducated man. He read most of the popular works of the day. He liked Herbert Spencer, and Mill, and Tyndal; detested Swinburne and Joaquin Miller; admired Longfellow and William Morris; and had "skimmed" the

Gladstone-Manning pamphlets, not because he felt much interest in the subject, but because people talked about it.

When Mary wrote to him for permission to embrace the faith, he readily gave it, and, at the same time, a munificent donation to the little Catholic church in Glenborough. And the men and women toilers who frequented the little church, breathed many a prayer for the girl whose influence had brought them this good.

If you are one of those—too numerous now—who reverence physical beauty as if it were a virtue, you would not find your ideal of womanhood in Mary Wernly. She was not beautiful, not even pretty. She was rather small and slight. Her features were not regular, and her cheeks were rarely flushed with color; but the expression of her face would have redeemed worse faults. The brow, which shone beneath the plainly parted brown hair, was serene and unruffled; her gray, clear eyes seemed to show a soul pure and true, and a sweet gentleness, that was almost humility, tempered all. Her quiet movements were singularly graceful, and even the motion of her small hands expressed something of the firm gentleness that characterized her.

When she came home from school "for good," all Glenborough, from the "best" people, who lived in *maisons ornées* and boasted of "grounds," to the others who existed in hovels near the railroad bridge, and had nothing of which to boast, were on tiptoe to see the heiress of old Wernly's wealth.

Charles Wernly was a prouder man than ever, when his daughter laid her school-trophies of flower-crowns and gilded books at his feet; and prouder still when he drove her in her new phaeton through admiring Glenborough; through the long street, past the massive workshops, glittering stores, and rows of dwellings which he called his own, out into the open country, through the sunny air, and under the fleece-flecked sky, past the fields where clover and daisies still grew unmolested, singing all these, of hope and pleasure to him; but the words set to this summer melody, if he could have heard them, spoke of other things.

Mary was full of the girlish gossip of her convent-home. Her father's brow relaxed, and a smile played around his lips while she told him of Sister Paul's stately manner and common sense, of her "pet" sister's wonderful perfections, and her own attempts at teaching. Matters simple enough in themselves, but inexpressibly refreshing to this world-worn old man.

The phaeton stopped near the edge of a deep ravine crossed by one of the railroad bridges. Wernly dropped the reins, and enjoyed the influence of the time. A wood, thick with damp undergrowth and sweet-smelling fern, cast its cool shade over them. They could see the glitter of the stream as it curved through a meadow, and settled into a lakelet where the grave cows loved to stand knee-deep. The water-lilies, having drawn into their golden hearts all the scent of the new-mown hay, languidly opened their eyes to the noonday sun, and Mary watched them rising and falling with the faint pulsation of the tide. The rest of the landscape was level and green; but the blue sky and the sun-painted air gave it that charm, which in a different way, youth seldom fails to give to the plainest of human beings.

In the wood, hidden from view by a tangled hedge of wild grape-vines and blackberry-bushes, sat, or rather lounged, a young man. A fishing-rod lay by his side, a book, face downward, upon his breast. He was too idle to read, too idle even to think or to dream. It was the perfection of *dolce far niente*. Verily, Gerald O'Conor was thoroughly enjoying his time of rest, after long

months of monotonous work in Charles Wernly's counting-house.

A spider ran down its airy stairway, to investigate the cover of his book; a bee buzzed within an inch of his nose, yet he never moved, but only murmured sleepily,

"'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.'

"'Grows,' drowsily, 'faith, I believe, that's bad grammar for Shakspeare! But, never mind,'

"'Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.'"

Here he paused from sheer laziness, and half-closed his eyes, as if he expected the fairy queen, Titania, to appear from the waving fern.

The face of Gerald O'Conor, even in its repose, expressed more strength and power than are usually seen in one so young—he had just entered his twenty-third year. The strength was latent, the power undeveloped; but both were there. When he spoke, there was a richness in his tones and a music in his accent very different from the thin, discordant American enunciation. He had been born and educated in Ireland; but the characteristics of some remote Italian or Spanish ancestor seemed to have reappeared in him. His skin was as dark as that of Wernly's book-keeper, Firandola, who was a Cuban. His hair was black and curling, and his eyes were so dark in hue that they seemed black. The short, thin upper lip had a somewhat supercilious curl at times, and his expression was often scornful and defiant; and yet he should not be judged harshly, for the world seemed against him; he was young, and scorn and defiance seemed his best defences.

He had been left an orphan in care of his father's brother, who was only too glad to take charge of the boy's wealth. No expense was spared in Gerald's education, but before it was quite completed the uncle died, and it was found that Gerald's inheritance had taken itself off on the wings of speculation.

Preferring to work for himself rather than to apply for aid to his relatives, he started for the United States, on whose sacred soil we have found him.

Suddenly he started from his reclining posture. A clear, sweet sound rippled through the air. What bird's note was it? Again he heard it, and pushing aside the shrubby screen he saw the phaeton standing under an arch made by two oaks.

"Old Wernly! and that's his daughter, I suppose."

Gerald softly swept away the undergrowth, and crept nearer. He had often heard of Mary Wernly, and had caught occasional glimpses of her during her vacations. According to Glenborough belief, she was a paragon of goodness, and a protectress-regnant of the poor.

"Sure, it's many a poor man's wages she's had raised! Heaven be her bed!"

Exclamations like this Gerald had heard many times, and was naturally curious about their object. Again Mary laughed, and the pony pricking up his ears seemed to enjoy it.

"I wonder if angels do not laugh in that way—if angels ever laugh," thought Gerald, and then his lip curled in scorn not so genuine as the thought.

"Yes, Mary, we will go to Europe, you and I," Charles Wernly was saying, though Gerald could not hear him. "We will see all the wonders of the Old World together, and when we are tired of each other," Mary laughed incredulously, "you shall marry some foreign grandee with a hundred orders. I am ready to go at once. I can trust Firandola with everything."

"Firandola?"

"Narcisso Firandola, my book-keeper and confidential clerk; you remember him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"That man is worth his weight in gold. He possesses more versatility, greater capabilities than anybody I

ever saw. You never know what he can do until he does it."

Mary turned her face away, and made no reply.

She could not praise Firandola, for she involuntarily distrusted him, so she was silent.

"Yes," said Wernly, with a sigh of satisfaction, "the world is very pleasant just now, the future very bright."

"The train is coming," said Mary, as the whistle sounded. "Will not the pony take fright?"

"Oh, I can trust Bob," returned her father.

The whistle again shrieked piercingly, rudely shattering the noonday stillness.

Bob raised his ears, trembled, and then snorting and struggling, backed obstinately. Before the old man could grasp the reins, the hind wheels of the carriage were over the edge of the ravine. Neither voice nor hand could control the frightened animal. Behind the occupants of the phaeton was an almost perpendicular descent of two hundred feet —jagged rocks and matted roots. Mary knew this; she did not scream. While her father endeavored to make use of the tangled reins she spoke soothingly to the pony, and her voice, controlled by a great effort, was very plaintive and pitiful.

From his place in the wood Gerald O'Conor saw the dilemma. He saw, too, that three lives depended, under God, on his coolness, nerve, and courage. The train passed swiftly. The pony's struggles grew wilder. Wernly, who had arisen, lost his balance and fell sideways. The pony still backed. In another instant—

Gerald crossed the road like a flash, and caught the head of the furious little beast.

Events sometimes annihilate time. When Mary stepped from the phaeton, and Gerald stood in the middle of the road holding the panting pony, an age or an instant, neither could have told which, seemed to have passed.

"Oh, father—father! He is dead!"

Charles Wernly lay pale and motionless at the foot of an oak. The only sign of life about him was the movement of the mocking breeze in his steel-gray hair.

"He has only fainted," Gerald answered.

"No, no! here is—blood! Oh, father, father!"

His head had struck against a projecting root of the tree. Gerald brought water and soaked moss from the stream. He did not revive.

"Wait, I will go for a doctor—"

"And a priest! Do you know where?"

"I know him well."

Without another word he sprang into the phaeton, and forced Bob to dash at a break-neck pace towards Glenborough.

The priest and the doctor soon reached the scene of the accident. Wernly breathed easily, but he was still unconscious.

The doctor shook his head, and aided in lifting him into the comfortable carriage which Gerald had thoughtfully secured.

"These shocks often prove fatal to men of his age," whispered the doctor to Father Moran.

"Hush!" returned the priest, for Mary was watching the doctor's face intently.

A week of tearless agony and torturing suspense fell to Mary Wernly's lot—the first thorn of the crown of sorrow which she was to wear for many days. And during this week Charles Wernly's mansion was like the vestibule of a tomb. Silent footfalls, hushed voices, and foreboding thoughts filled it.

At last he spoke; at last he opened his eyes. Mary's petition, uttered from hour to hour, before the Blessed Sacrament, was answered. Her father had regained his senses.

"He will never be himself again," said the doctor; "I doubt that he will ever leave that room."

He asked for Gerald O'Conor when Mary had told him how she had been saved. Gerald came in the evening, and saw Mary in the twilight, by her father's bedside. Wernly would have offered him money, but Mary, with womanly tact divining his intention, checked it by a look. Gerald saw it, and thanked her in his heart.

"I am very grateful to you, O'Conor. You are one of the junior clerks in my office, aren't you?"

"Yes; I have been there a year."

"I don't remember you; but Firandola always arranges the office business. By the way, I appoint you Firandola's assistant, with an increase of salary, and you can bring any letters and papers that may require my attention here every afternoon until I get better."

He paused and sighed. Gerald thanked him, and arose.

"As proud as Lucifer," said the invalid under his breath; "I must keep my eye on him. I actually believe that he would have the presumption to fall in love with *you*, Mary." And he laughed at the absurdity of the idea.

Gerald, who had barely crossed the threshold, heard the words, and his face flushed. Presumption! Would it be presumption? and then he called himself a fool.

Firandola looked at O'Conor with his penetrating black eyes, showed his perfect teeth, gave him some letters to write, and said, "It is well," when he received notice that he was to have a new aid.

Firandola was a Cuban about thirty years of age. He had left his own country for political reasons, it was said. He was tall, slender, with a drooping mustache that hid his mouth. His face, to an observer, would have been of no use as an index to his thoughts. It was always calm and smooth.

A month passed. Charles Wernly had not risen from his bed, and Gerald visited him every evening with the important letters of the day. Wernly began to like him; his frankness, fearlessness, and fancied knowledge of the world amused him.

Mary enjoyed his talks with her father, and sometimes joined in them. "If all men were like him how different the world would be," she thought. Unconsciously she thought of him while reading of her favorite heroes of history and romance.

"Mr. O'Conor," she said, meeting him one afternoon, with an unusual flush on her cheeks. "See! Is not my father the kindest man in the world?"

She held towards him a casket. The lid sprang up, and revealed a nest of dazzling gems—an elaborate necklace of diamonds and emeralds. "And this?" she showed him a rosary of pearls, with a heavy gold cross. "Is it not kind—and yet papa is not a Catholic, you know."

He expressed his admiration; his hand trembled as he returned the casket, and looked into her smiling face.

"O'Conor," said her father, when he had finished the letters, "take those fol-de-rols of Mary's to Firandola, and tell him to lock them in the safe. Nice things for a poor man like me to buy."

Gerald smiled as he was expected to do, and sighed. "What is the matter with him," thought Mary. "I wonder what can be the matter with him."

Late in the afternoon of the next day Narcisso Firandola was ushered into his employer's room. His suit of spotless white linen fitted him perfectly. He managed to pass the mirror as he entered, and twirled his mustache with his left hand, for all his rings were on that hand.

"I have brought the letters myself," he began. "O'Conor has not been near the office to-day."

"What?—did he not give you the jewels?"

Firandola looked at the invalid in surprise, and then turned to Mary, who sat in the vine-curtained bay window. Wernly explained. Firandola showed his teeth, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Car-r-r-amba! He has gone off with the spoil."

"It is a lie! It is untrue!" cried Mary, rising from her chair; "Gerald O'Conor is a gentleman and a Catholic! I will not hear—" Remembering herself, she burst into tears and left the room.

"I wish I could hang the rascal!" savagely exclaimed her father, when he had recovered from his amazement.

II.

"THEY were worth five thousand dollars—not a cent less!" This was the burden of Charles Wernly's complaint, for neither Gerald O'Conor nor Mary's jewels returned.

"Father," Mary said, "he saved my life. Write the value of my life against that of the jewels, and try to forget the loss if the account does not balance."

This suggestion made her father irritable, and then struck him as supremely ridiculous. The idea was too good to be lost. He sent for Firandola.

"I am glad that you have repented of your unladylike outburst," he said. "You have come to the conclusion that your favorite is guilty, then?"

"No," she said, slowly; "I believe that those jewels brought him death. He has been murdered."

Firandola entered, jauntily.

"Do you think that O'Conor can have met with foul play?"

"I wish I could think so," answered the Cuban, with a strange light in his eyes; "that is, I mean, for the sake of his reputation, and," with a glance at Mary, "his soul; but, unfortunately, he was seen to enter the 12 M. train last night, for New York, the ticket agent says."

"Are you sure?" asked Mary, hastily turning away, to hide her face.

"Rogers and Arkright, two of our clerks, saw and hailed him."

A cry of anguish went up from Mary's heart.

"He were better dead—dead!" she thought.

"He is a base, ungrateful scoundrel!" cried Wernly. "You have set the detectives on his track, Firandola?"

The Cuban nodded, and then said, in a low tone, intended more for Mary's ear than her father's,

"Do not think too hardly of the poor boy. It may be, as one of your poets says, that heaven has permitted him to fall that he may rise, and take a firmer stand,—

"'Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.'"

Wernly, in amazement, raised himself on his elbow. Mary abruptly left the room.

"Saul among the prophets! You are a hypocrite, Firandola. I thought you did not believe in heaven or hell."

Firandola showed his teeth. "I am liberal," he said, "except where the Jesuits are concerned, and women have prejudices that must be conciliated."

Wernly knit his brows, and fixed his eyes on Firandola.

"You will gain nothing by conciliating my daughter's prejudices. Do you understand?"

"What should I gain?"

"Nothing. Unearth O'Conor, if possible, Firandola."

Outside the door, Firandola ground his teeth, and muttered, "Fool!"

The most poignant thorns of sorrow generally press more cruelly into the heart of the one who waits. The woman, watching with straining eyes the last flutter of the sail that bears her fisher-husband away, suffers more than he who breasts the waves. The reason is plain.

Mary Wernly, pure-hearted maiden that she was, felt her face flame and blush when she thought of the defence she had made of Gerald O'Conor before her father and Firandola. But for worlds she would not have unsaid her words. Suddenly she had become aware that she regarded Gerald with a deeper feeling than gratitude. And now he was gone! gone! leaving a trail of guilt and infamy.

She had felt that her affection for him would always remain in her heart a closed blossom. She never thought that it could become a perfect flower. In her eyes he was a true knight—a Sir Galahad. She would love him as a sister, and help him, and he should never know it. This had been her brief dream.

But where was her Sir Galahad now? A thief? a felon? She *would* not believe it, and yet—

Perfect love casteth out fear. But what human love is perfect? And Mary Wernly was perplexed and tortured with doubts and fears. It was grievously sad to feel that she would never see her hero again,—most bitter to know that he had left her with a stain on his escutcheon. It was the crown of her sorrow. When she remembered him, candid, sincere, true, sitting in the twilight by her father's bedside, and read and heard what people said of him now, her heart seemed as if it would burst. In her grief and perplexity, her only resource was to kneel before her whose sorrow was like to no other. She, the Mother of Sorrows, could understand all.

Of course the Wernly jewel robbery made a sensation in Glenborough. The two rival newspapers metaphorically smacked their lips over it, and waxed rich by capturing Gerald O'Conor in one edition, and setting him free in the next. Reporters tried hard to interview Mr. Wernly and Mary. Narcisso Firandola was an easy victim; he liked it. Even the "hands" in the foundries were pounced upon by the enterprising agents of the press. Cuts, which had done duty as authentic portraits of Lincoln, Marshal MacMahon, and the last murderer, were re-presented as counterfeit presentments of the defaulting clerk. Glenborough, you perceive, was not unprogressive.

Time flew. Six months passed. The man so often a prisoner on paper was still at large. The detectives had found no trace of the jewels.

This question often occurred to Mary, Was he dead, that he did not appear to clear himself? And then followed another question, Was he guilty, hiding his shame? The girl could not answer either. It tore her heart to think of him; she could only pray that he might be proven innocent in the end.

"If he should prove himself stainless," she thought, "I would resign myself to his absence without a sigh."

As years went by, Mary came "out" under the chaperonage of one of her aunts. Many were the eligible and ineligible young men that old Wernly's daughter refused. And old Wernly, still bedridden, congratulated himself on having such a devoted daughter. *Hélas, pauvre homme!* If Gerald O'Conor could only have presented himself among the eligibles!

But Mary would never have deserted her father, that is certain. As it was, everybody agreed that she had a right to be fastidious. An heiress! and such a modest, amiable heiress. Some people thought her pretty, for time had improved her, though her smile was slow and infrequent, and there was a sad look in her eyes; when inspired by beautiful thoughts or words, she was lovely.

Scarcely anybody in Glenborough chanced to think of Gerald O'Conor now, except Mary Wernly. In her memory, his image grew fresher every year, and his name was never unmentioned in her prayers.

The Glenboroughites were grumbling at the dearth of news. There hadn't been a murder or anything for over eighteen months. The oldest inhabitants shook their heads. Glenborough was getting behind the times. The rival newspapers were dying for lack of a new sensation; and it came.

One morning all Glenborough heard that Charles Wernly had failed. This announcement was a shock that shook the place to its centre. Workmen and their wives talked over the rumor with anxious minds. Failed! Wernly — the strong—the impregnable—the man of iron! It seemed impossible. It was true, however. In a few days the foundries were closed, and laborers stood idle.

Narcisso Firandola came to the surface, as usual; the newspapers declared that he was free from all blame, and depicted his manful struggle against ruin in glowing terms. The failure had come of old Wernly's careless indifference. Wernly himself knew that it had come of his implicit trust in his bookkeeper.

Firandola listened to all his employer's furious reproaches with a martyr-like smile, and, taking a respectful leave of Mary, withdrew from Glenborough.

"I will not stay here!" cried Wernly. "I will leave this place in spite of all the doctors in creation. 'There is Wernly,' they will say, 'who was once a millionaire, and now is a beggar.'"

His indomitable pride and will enabled him to do what no other stimulants could. He went to New York with Mary. There, in three small rooms, they took up their abode. Wernly would accept no help from any one; he determined to live within the small income allowed him by his creditors, at the same time laying by something for Mary's future. Poor Mary, unused to economy, found it hard to make both ends meet; but her convent training had not been wasted, her talents as a cook and nurse shone brilliantly in the morning; in the afternoon she went out, to give French and music lessons to three little girls.

"Don't talk to me about religion," her father had often said; "if I wanted to be a Catholic, your example would do more towards converting me than all your arguments; so don't argue, Mary."

Now, in his affliction—for loss of wealth and power were the greatest afflictions that could befall a man like Charles Wernly—he began to feel the emptiness of earthly things. In the evenings he and Mary held long and earnest conversations; and one afternoon she went rejoicing for a priest. Mary was almost happy; one of the thorns had been plucked from the crown of sorrow.

Mary had not forgotten Gerald O'Conor. Often, in the crowded thoroughfares, she saw a face that resembled his, and her heart gave a great bound. She believed that he was innocent. If Narcisso Firandola had been wicked enough to rob her father, he certainly would not have hesitated to murder and rob Gerald. Like most girls, she jumped at conclusions.

On a certain evening Mary was detained much later than usual at the house of her small pupils. One of them being sick would not condescend to go to sleep unless her gentle teacher remained with her, and Mary stayed with the little tyrant until dusk. Then she started homeward. It was not a long distance, but dusk became gloom before she had accomplished it.

Was it the quiet repose of the hour that made Mary's thoughts travel into the past, with all its hopes and fears? Never before had the face and form of Gerald O'Conor arose so vividly before her. A footstep behind her made her turn. In

the half light, not three yards from her, was the same face and form. Was it Gerald O'Conor? If it was he did not see her, for his attention was fixed on a group on the opposite side of the street.

In front of a saloon, made painfully glittering by rows of colored gaslights, two men were standing, engaged in a low, though passionate, conversation. Mary, from the other side of the street, observed them. One of them seemed familiar to her. His white vest and bosom glittered with jewelled pins and chains.

There was a loud oath, the report of a pistol, a low groan. The man in the white vest staggered, and fell at the foot of the lamp-post. The other fled rapidly.

Instantly Mary was at the side of the wounded man. Timid and gentle though she was, the suffering of another always aroused the courage of her nature. The man so like Gerald followed her.

"You—and *you!*" murmured the wounded man, Narcisso Firandola.

"He wants air—keep back," said a rich, full voice, which made Mary raise her head suddenly. The rapidly increasing crowd obeyed. "And now half a dozen of you run for as many doctors,"

"Car-r-r-amba!" muttered the wounded man; "you shall not move me. I will die where I am. Ask me no questions. I will not tell his name. It was an old grudge."

He paused, panting. Mary wiped his forehead with her handkerchief. Gerald O'Conor raised him in his arms while she held a glass of cold water to his lips.

"O'Conor," he gasped, "keep everybody away! I am dying; I will not be troubled with a doctor. O'Conor, the casket you gave me one night five years ago—water!—water!—you will find all the jewels in a belt around my body. Miss Wernly, tell your father, that his money has gone to help the cause of Cuban lib—"

The pallor of death showed on his face; he sunk into Gerald's arms.

"Pray for him; pray for him!" cried Mary, turning to Gerald. "Oh, Blessed Mother, save him!"

Gerald murmured the Our Father. Loud and sweet, Mary's voice rose above the chattering of the crowd.

"Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for all my sins"—

Firandola's livid lips moved slowly, as if repeating the words. Mary went on. His lips ceased to move.

"He is dead," said Gerald, for the weight grew heavier.

The crowd fell back in reverence.

Five days later. Scene: the little sitting-room of a cottage near the sea. Personages: Charles Wernly, sarcastically benignant; Mary, radiant with happiness; Gerald O'Conor, calmly content, and without a trace of superciliousness about him.

"I suppose Firandola did not dispose of the stones, because they would have easily been traced to him," Charles Wernly is saying, "but what an awful fool you were, to go off so suddenly without a word. Didn't you hear about the loss of the jewels?"

"I started at once for Ireland, where it was not likely that I would hear Glenborough news. Do you know, Mary, that I have been in Glenborough twice within this year; but nobody knew whither you had gone. God directed my steps through that street the other night."

"God is very good," murmurs Mary.

"I say, O'Conor," exclaims Wernly, with a gleam of fun in his eyes, "why did you leave us so suddenly! Had you really the presumption"—

Gerald interrupted him, "I have concluded to adopt your suggestion, sir. With the money I recovered from my father's estate in Ireland, I will lease the foundries in Glenborough, if you will come."

"I have no alternative," responds Wernly, smiling; "if Mary goes with

you, I will have to go with Mary. Tell me, why did you leave us so sud— Jove! they are out on the porch!"

Mary finished the question.

"Because," he answered, watching the rippled light on the waves, "I was afraid of loving you too much."

"And now"—

"I can love you as much as I please!"

There are no happier people in Glenborough than Gerald O'Conor and his wife—his wife, who no longer wears her "sorrow's crown of sorrow."

MY OWN CROSS.

I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss,—
But now, with a strange new anguish, I carry this last dread cross;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair strong youth,
Veiling mine eyes from the blessed light, and closing my heart to truth.
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my wildest thought,
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the work my hands had wrought!

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I wandered o'er dewy meadows,
And I hid from the fervid noontide glow in the cool, green, woodland shadows;
And I never recked as I sang aloud in my weird and wilful glee,
Of the mighty woe that was drawing near to darken the world for me.

But it came at last, my dearest,—what need to tell thee how?
Mayst never know of the wild, wild woe that my heart is bearing now!
Over my summer's glory crept a damp and chilling shade,
And I staggered under the heavy cross that my sinful hands had made.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end seems far off yet—
God keep thee safe from the sharing of this woful late regret!
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas! are the heaviest ones of all!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

Article VI.

GOVERNMENT.

Let the reader not suppose that we are going to enter on a long explanation, full of juridical terms and distinctions. Neither let him lay down our paper in the apprehension of being bored by quotations from the statutes, constitutions, and laws of the Pontifical government. As for statutes and constitutions, in the modern acceptation of the term, there were none. Our purpose in this paper is simple and easy of understanding. While the temporal sovereignty of the Popes flourished, it was customary among people who were actuated by a party spirit more than the "spirit of understanding" to call it "despotic," "absolute," while those who made pretensions of discrimination and learning, called it "theocratic." But even this title, though bearing a good and a noble construction in itself, was bestowed upon the government of the Popes in a bad sense, inasmuch as they were regarded in the same light as the pagan priests of ancient Egypt, whose every whim was received as oracular, as a revelation from the gods, and hence, they governed the land more really and effectually than the kings themselves, in whom the sovereign power was vested. From its very nature, and from the sacred and peaceful character of him who wielded the supreme power, the Pontifical government could not have been despotic; and if certain acts which are imputed to it, as being intolerably despotic and arbitrary, be examined more closely and more impartially than they are accustomed to be, it will be found that they are not chargeable so much to the government, as to the character and excesses of individuals employed by the government. The Pontifical government had its faults, but they were not unpardonable. It may have been imperfect, but it was far from being despotic. Were it a despotic government in form and principle and administration, we do not hesitate to say that it would still exist. Its faults in the main were on the merciful side, and to its own detriment. Supposing that they were otherwise, that they were deserving of general reprobation, let us add in extenuation of them, that they were not without parallels, even in governments of loftier pretensions; and to these we would say, as was once said to a body of Pharisaical fault-finders, "Let him that is without fault among you cast the first stone." We freely admit that the Pontifical government was theocratic, but not in an obnoxious sense. It was theocratic, because the governing power centred in a priest, the great High Priest of the New Law. In this it was like the Jewish government before the first king was chosen. But there was this difference between them,—Moses and the judges of Israel governed the people by a legislation, which was the object of a direct divine revelation. The Popes governed the people according to laws, framed by human wisdom, yet founded in the principles of eternal justice. Setting aside, for the nonce, the technical parlance, we may say that the Pontifical government, from first to last, was patriarchal. The sovereign regarded his people as his children rather than as his subjects, and these looked up to their ruler as to a father. The idea of father and sovereign was inseparable in the Popes. To this,

and to an over-indulgent spirit, the effect of their priestly character, is attributable that fatal leniency in the Popes as sovereigns, which, in the present century, was not the least among the remote causes of the downfall of their temporal power.

To be technical, the form of government from the beginning was monarchial. But the manner of administration changed according to the exigencies of the times. The government of the provinces was committed to cardinal delegates. The municipal administration of the towns in the provinces was almost entirely independent of the Popes. It may be said indeed, that each province was an independent principality. The Pope was aided in governing by a congregation of cardinals, who were bound to aid him, and even oppose him (where his action would be detrimental to the state), not only from a sense of duty and love of the common weal, but by a solemn oath which they took on their elevation to the purple. This made it impossible for the Pope to be a despot, and limited his power as effectually as if the country were ruled by a constitution of the most liberal framing. He was bound to follow a positive rule in the government of his states, from which it was as impossible for him to deviate as for the queen of England to annul the constitution of Great Britain. Cardinal Bellarmine, who is certainly an authority of no ordinary weight in this matter, in his treatise *De Romano Pontifice*, proposes the following query: "Licet resistere Pontifici invadenti animas, vel turbanti Rempublicam, et multo magis si Ecclesiam destruere videretur?" Is it lawful to resist the Pope were he to attack the people or disturb the country, and above all if he seemed to aim at the destruction of the Church? The learned prelate answers: "Licet ei resistere, non facendo quod jubet, et impediendo ne exequatur voluntatem suam; non tamen eum judicare vel punire, vel deponere, quod non est nisi superioris." It is lawful to resist him by not doing that which he commands, and by hindering him from putting his will into execution; but it is not lawful to try, punish, or depose him, which office only belongs to a superior. These words of Bellarmine are to be applied more especially to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiffs over the Church. Still they are applicable *a majori ad minus* to their temporal sovereignty. If it be lawful to oppose the Popes in the exercise of an authority, than which there is none greater, and in which no power on earth is qualified to try them, punish them, or depose them, *a fortiori*, it must have been lawful for, nay, incumbent upon their council to oppose them in the abuse of a power which of itself must be limited, inasmuch as it only exists in a proper administration. This is the principle. In practice, however, we know that they were always guided by the advice of the sacred college and the council of state, which was called "La Consulta." Down to the days of Pius IX this council was composed exclusively of ecclesiastics, or, to speak with more precision, of ecclesiastics and lay prelates. These lay prelates had nothing of the ecclesiastic about them but the habit and the tonsure. They were instituted especially to obviate the possible clashing together in the same individual of the ecclesiastical and secular element. Pius IX, however, on his accession to the pontifical throne, threw down all the barriers which excluded seculars from holding offices of state, so that the ecclesiastical officials, in the latter years of the Papal *régime*, were in an insignificant minority. The system of centralizing the administrative power was only introduced into the Papal States after the French invasion. But after the restoration of Pius IX in 1849, the commonwealths became almost independent of the

supreme power, and only a sort of moral supervision was exercised by the civil authorities. This was the case even with the municipality of Rome itself. The civil code of laws was the code of the Emperor Justinian, with some slight modifications, which were introduced from canon law. The criminal code was likewise founded on the Justinian code, and as in England decisions were given on the strength of precedents which had established a custom, the Popes never interfered in the administration of civil or criminal justice; that belonged entirely to the secular element.

The council of state was composed of men elected from the body of the heaviest taxpayers. The council of finance was composed of members nominated by the Pope, after a free election by the municipal bodies. This council, however, was only deliberative or consultative in the discussion of primary budgets. In this alone did it differ from a chamber of deputies. In respect, however, of past accounts, when the matter was to verify the exact application of regulations established beforehand by the budget, the decisions of this council had the force of law. The council of state, spoken of above, by a consultative vote regulated the levying of taxes, and the Pope generally sanctioned their deliberations. The taxes were the lowest in Europe, while there was no conscription at all. The necessity of a standing army was the consequence of the revolution of the nineteenth century. In former times civil and criminal justice were enforced by a body of civil officials or constables chosen from among the people themselves.

These general remarks are intended to give a notion of the form of the Papal government as it always existed. After the accession of Pius IX the Papal government became in effect a constitutional government, though it lacked the title. From the very day when he mounted the throne, he made continuous efforts to remove every legitimate cause of complaint against the public administration of affairs. He began his reign by giving the people a constitution, fashioned on the most liberal basis. But in this he was betrayed and deserted by the very men, seculars, who had sworn to support him; and the assassination of his prime minister, Count Rossi, will ever remain as a shameful blot in the history of Italy, while it proves palpably that the antipathy to the Papal government was not directed against the form, but against its very existence. We will reason on this point further on.

On his return from Gaeta, Pius IX, still bent upon his project of liberal reforms, proclaimed the principle of the right of admission of secular persons to every office of state, with the single exception of that of secretary of state. We will here quote from the faithful report of Count de Rayneval to the minister of foreign affairs in Paris: "Already had civil and criminal law been the object of complete revision. Different codes of procedure in civil and in criminal cases, as well as a code relating to commerce, all founded on our own, enriched by lessons derived from experience, had been promulgated. I have studied these carefully. They are above criticism. The Code des Hypotheques has been examined by French jurisconsultists, and has been cited by them as a model document. The different powers of the state were carefully separated and defined. Distinct ministerial boards, differing in authority, were created, each operating within the special circle of its duties. A council of ministers, under the presidency of the secretary of state, was appointed, and business was always subjected to the test of discussion. At the same time the greatest respect for the independence of the judiciary power was proclaimed and practiced. A council of state, comprised of men the most

intimately versed in administrative matters, was appointed for the purpose of enlightening the government, by previously investigating all projects prepared in the ministerial boards. Municipal organization has been, at the same time, the object of a complete reform. The most highly taxed of the commune, together with those who have acquired high degrees in the university, form together an electoral body which have the direct nomination of the municipal councillors. The latter in their turn prepare by election a list of candidates from which the government chooses the members of the provincial council. The latter, in the same way, make a list of persons from which the Holy Father selects members of the council of state for finance. A great latitude, both in the creation and expenditure of resources, is left, both to the communal and to the provincial councils. It is not the representatives of the government who are charged with the administration of the funds of the commune or of the province. This trust is confided to an executive commission, elected by the council which it represents, and which remains permanently during the whole of the interval between one session and another. The delegates or prefect have only the power of supervision, and take no direct part in the management of provincial or communal business." Speaking of the taxes he says: "The taxes remain still much below the mean rate of the different states of Europe. A Roman pays (he wrote in 1856; he would have startling figures to chronicle in 1875) the state 22 francs (little more than four dollars) annually, 68,000,000 (francs) being levied on a population of three millions. A Frenchman pays the French government 45 francs, 1,600,000,000 being levied on a population of thirty-five millions. These figures show demonstratively that the Pontifical States, with regard to so important a point, must be reckoned amongst the most favored nations."

It is not then to the form of government, or to the administration, that the discontent of the people was to be traced. The Count enlarges very aptly on this point: "If the Roman people were capable of helping themselves, or even if they were eager for work; if their ambition was not limited to the attainment of a restricted income, just sufficient to satisfy the primary wants of nature, without the expenditure of much fatigue; if they were to profit, as is the case elsewhere, by the facilities offered to them for the employment of their energies and pecuniary resources, the country might spring up rapidly to prosperity." And in another place he remarks very justly, "To make progress in the direction alluded to, the government cannot, it is clear, substitute its own action for private industry." But it is in its charities that the patriarchal character of the government shines forth with a peculiar lustre. The hospitals and prisons of Rome were the admiration of the most unsparing enemies of the Papal administration. They were administered with charity and prudence, aided by all the important ameliorations of modern progress. It was eminently a providential government. Thus, whenever the harvest was plentiful throughout the States, it bought up large quantities of corn and wheat, and stowed them away in the public granaries against a year of dearth, when they would be thrown open, and seed given gratis, or at a trifling figure, to the husbandmen. As for the poor within the city of Rome, they always received the penny-loaf for a hapenny, the government paying the other half.

We shall sum up our remarks on the form of government by quoting Rayneval on the judiciary system, civil and criminal law, as administered in the reign of Pius IX. He says: "The imperfections of the

judiciary system are often cited. I have examined all closely, and have found it impossible to discover any serious cause of complaint. Those who lose their causes complain more loudly and continuously than is the custom in other places, but without any more reason. Most of the important civil cases are decided in the tribunal of the Rota. Now, in spite of the habitual license of the Italian criticism, no one has dared to express a doubt of the profound knowledge and exalted integrity of the tribunal of the Rota. If the lawyers are incredibly fertile in raising objections and exceptions, if they lengthen out lawsuits, to what is this fault to be attributed, except to the peculiarity of the national genius? Lastly, civil law is well administered. I do not know a single sentence the justice of which would not be recognized by the best tribunal in Europe. Criminal justice is administered in a manner equally unassailable. I have watched some trials throughout their whole detail. I was obliged to confess that all necessary precautions for the verification of facts, all possible guarantees for the free defence of the accused, including the publication of the proceedings, were taken. The sentences are occasionally delayed, the processes are prolonged. These, however, are inconveniences, not unpardonable crimes. When Italian witnesses shall learn to give their evidence without being intimidated by the presence of the accused, and the fear of his vengeance, the delays will be less." The Pontifical government was not without its faults. This we admitted in the beginning. But they were faults which could not and have not been remedied by a change of government. They are faults which spring from the Italian character. The Pontifical government was composed of Romans, slow, lumbering, mistrustful, hesitating, accommodating, novelty-abhorring Romans. They would never meet a difficulty in the face if it were possible to accommodate, or turn around the corner, to avoid it. They regarded improvements as great bores, and cared very little for posterity. To the untiring energy of Pius IX, seconded by that inimitable and indefatigible genius, the lamented Mgr. de Merode, are due the principal improvements effected in Rome before the occupation.

In this age of enlightenment and progress and free institutions, a government of priests, or "priestlings," was regarded as an insult to humanity. We are merely quoting a stereotyped phrase of objection against the Papal government. Let us continue on in the same strain. How is it possible for a priest, who is supposed to have no sympathies for, and much less any interest in the men and things of earth, to govern with wisdom and efficiency? And again, this priest arrogates to himself infallibility in matters of faith and morals. Who is to hinder him from bringing the same uncompromising and "odious" principle to bear upon his governmental acts? He is surrounded by an army of priests, even in civil administration, by men who know nothing of liberty, of liberal institutions, and the like, and who take an oath of obedience to the Pope and the bishops of the Church, thus selling that birthright, which is inseparable from a noble existence, the liberty of the will. The first objection, that the Papal government was a government of priests, was very adroitly drawn up and captiously set forth in the beginning. The revolutionists of five-and-twenty years ago would not have dreamed of saying, "Away with the temporal power of the Popes." No, Europe, Catholic Europe, was not quite ready for that blow yet. The cry was, "Secularize the Papal government; we will tolerate the Pope as our sovereign, but we want the lay element introduced into the administration." If our remembrance of the opening years of the reign of

Pius IX does not deceive us, no one wished more ardently for the secularization of the administration than he himself. Hence, just at the very period when the objection to the majority of priests in the administration of the government was at a premium among foreigners, especially from beyond the Channel, who suffered dreadfully from a disease quite common in that country, yclept culpable ignorance, the ecclesiastical element had almost disappeared entirely from the administration of public affairs. Waiving the question whether an ecclesiastic is not as well qualified, both by his education and his love of country, to rule as any other man, who takes unto himself a wife, we will simply say that the objection to the contrary has about as much weight as that of certain divines, who hold practically that no one can preach the gospel unless he be assisted by a wife. Once more we acknowledge our indebtedness to the report of the French Envoy to Rome, Le Compte de Rayneval. He writes: "I have often asked ardent opposers of the Roman rule what was their valuation of the number of priests employed in the administration. In answer to my question, the number was generally stated to be about 3000. No credit was given to me when I showed, with proofs in my hand, that putting them all together, the number did not exceed a hundred, and that the half of these pretended priests were not in orders. It is, nevertheless, upon data of such falsity that are founded grave charges, which are accepted by the public as undeniable. . . . Out of Rome, that is, throughout the whole extent of the Pontifical States, with the exception of the capital, in the Legations, the Marshes, Umbria, and all the provinces to the number of eighteen, how many ecclesiastics do you think are employed? Their number does not exceed fifteen, one for each province, except three, where there is not one at all. They are delegates, or, as we should say, prefects. The councils, the tribunals, and offices of all sorts are filled with laymen. The number of these latter amounts to 2313 in the civil service, and 620 holding judicial employments, in the whole 2935, so that for one ecclesiastic in office we have 195 laymen. Is it possible for the most prejudiced intellect not to recognize that an ecclesiastical power, which had reduced to so low a figure the number of the men of its order, who are the depositaries of power throughout the whole extent of its territory, has already reached its lowest limits? Who will believe that this is an intolerable abuse, and that the danger will cease when this small number of prelates shall disappear from the scene?" In the city of Rome the number of prelates employed in civil affairs was, as may be supposed, greater than in the provinces. Still they were in the minority. The Count continues: "The office of the secretary of state for foreign affairs, not reckoning those employed abroad, is composed of 5 ecclesiastics and 19 laymen. The principal of these ecclesiastics, such as the Cardinal Secretary of State* and his substitute, are not priests, any more than the greater number of the prefects, who are marked here as ecclesiastics. The Council of State reckons 3 ecclesiastics and 5 laymen. The Ministry of the Interior comprises 22 ecclesiastics, including among them the 15 presidents of provinces, of whom I have already spoken, and 1411 laymen. The Ministry of Finance reckons 3 ecclesiastics against 2017 laymen. The Ministry of Commerce and Public Works reckons 2 ecclesiastics to 161 laymen. The Ministry of Police, 2 ecclesiastics to 404 laymen. The Ministry of War has not a single ecclesiastical functionary. (Mgr. de Merode became Minister of War after the compilation of these

* Cardinal Antonelli has received the Order of Deaconship since the above was written.

statistics.) The Ministry of Justice, including the superior tribunals, which are of a mixed nature, reckons 59 ecclesiastics to 927 laymen. This number of 59 ecclesiastics is divided in the following manner: In the ministry, 1 ecclesiastic, 18 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Segnatura (Cour de Cassation), 9 ecclesiastics, 8 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Rota (the Superior Court of criminal jurisdiction), 14 ecclesiastics and 37 laymen; in the Criminal Tribunal, no ecclesiastics and 58 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Bishop, 9 ecclesiastics, 17 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Apostolic Chamber, 9 ecclesiastics, 16 laymen; in the provincial Tribunals of First and Second Instances, both criminal and civil, 620 laymen, no ecclesiastics; in the Archives, Chamber of Notaries, etc., 16 laymen and no ecclesiastics; in different offices, 1 ecclesiastic, 6 laymen. The total number of ecclesiastics employed in the interior of the Pontifical States does not exceed the number of 98. Against this we find there are 5059 laymen in office. This gives 52 laymen to one ecclesiastic." The author has since added the following note: "Since the date of the official summary from which I obtained all these details, the development in all the ministerial departments has been such that the number of laymen, either actively employed or at the disposal of the government, has risen to about 8560. The Consulta is occupied with the task of reducing it to 6000. The number of ecclesiastics remains the same. The proportion in favor of the laics is now as 80 to 1."

We appeal now to any impartial reader, and ask him if the Pontifical government could, with any regard for facts, be called a government of priests. It has been objected that a priest is incapacitated, both by his education and the lack of sympathy for the civil welfare of his country, to take upon himself the administration of public affairs. The objection has no foundation either in principle or in fact. Laying aside the fact that the priest's mission is among men and for men, we ask if, at his ordination, the impression of the sacerdotal character annihilates every human sympathy, every sentiment of affection—and we speak of an honest human affection—for his fellow man? Does the sacerdotal character exclude those noble patriotic sentiments from his breast, which are so sacred, so holy in the breast of every man? Impossible. His affections are guarded, it is true, but only in so far as they might become inordinate. For this very reason, we affirm that all those sentiments which are legitimate and honest, such as love of country, the desire of the material prosperity of the people, and the like, are and ought to be the more intense in him. Add to all this, that that very education, which is objected to as unfitting a man for government, eminently qualifies him for such an office. It is an old maxim, that no one knows better how to rule than he who has been taught to obey. The priest's life is one of obedience, rational and practical. The Pope himself, though placed above every superior, is well schooled in obedience years before he dons the tiara. One more consideration on this point and we shall have done.

The education of the priest in the spiritual order is directed to giving him a thorough knowledge of right and wrong. The principles of justice in every particular are studied by him, meditated upon, embodied in his own daily life. That man who is intimately imbued with the knowledge of justice as it is observed, first between man and his God, and then between man and man, has certainly a practical knowledge of justice as administered by authority for the good of society. Again, the man who is taught practically that all authority is from God, cannot, as a

rule, be supposed to regard it as something innate in himself, belonging to himself, and, therefore, to be used or abused at his own pleasure. No, he regards it as a deposit, a sacred trust, the abuse of which is a crime for which a rigorous atonement will be exacted.

We have not adduced these considerations to establish the conclusion that priests should be temporal rulers. We simply hold that they are fitted for the office, and whatever may be said by the blatant fault-finders of the present age to the contrary, the administration of the priests in this particular spot of the earth was as perfect as that of their lay neighbors, to whom they might well say, "Look at our acts, and condemn us if you dare." If their administration was faulty in any respect, it must be attributed, not to their priestly character, but to their national character and peculiar disposition. We estimate the administration of public affairs by the effects produced in the prosperity of the people, peace, and internal security of life and property.

A glance at the criminal statistics is also indispensable. The Romans under the Papal government were, without doubt, a prosperous people. Fabulous fortunes were not amassed, but the government cannot be charged with that which depends upon the character of the people themselves. All that is required of the government, in the accumulation of individual wealth, is, not to throw any unjust obstacles in the way, such as exorbitant taxes and fiscal imposts. The Papal government did not fall short of this reasonable expectation. Of the internal security of life and property, we will merely remark, in passing, that if exception be made to the depredations of the revolutionary emissaries from the neighboring provinces, it was as perfect as could be expected.

This brings us to the examination of a point in which the Papal government seemed to have been vulnerable. In latter years it was supported, either entirely by foreign troops, or later on, the ranks of its own little army were filled up considerably by volunteers from abroad. Every independent state ought to suffice in itself for its own support, and the maintenance of internal security. The court of Rome is accused of not accomplishing this, but a very serious mistake is made in assigning the cause. It was the fashion to lay the blame on a defective administration. It was much easier for the enemies of the Papal States to do this than to enter more deeply into an examination of the history, character, and tendencies of the Italian people. It cannot be denied that God has lavished his gifts abundantly on this race. They are highly intelligent, quick in grasping at conclusions, comprehensive. But they are deficient in that which makes a nation great and powerful. They have no strength of character, generally speaking, and do not seem to know what is civil courage. They are suspicious, not only of foreigners, but also of one another; hence they are not united. That phrase, *United Italy*, is a misnomer. There is no mutual confidence. Every one remains isolated, and this is apparent in the absence of all those associations, commercial, manufacturing, insurance, and banking, which bear testimony to public and mutual confidence in other countries. You will say Italy is overrun with such associations at present. We answer, true enough, but they are not Italian. The *Piedmontese* element is the organizing and ruling spirit of them all, and every one knows that a Piedmontese has but one part Italian in him, against two parts French and Swiss. In the want of this mutual confidence and sympathy, an army, in the true sense of the term, is impossible. The soldiers mistrust each other; they have no confidence in their leaders, and these are fearful of their men. If there be a powerful

army in Italy to-day, it is due, not to the patriotism and military courage of the Italian people, but to that sweeping and overruling importation of the Piedmontese spirit, not devoid of valor, and even loyalty (among themselves), which uses the argument of force in lieu of patriotism, to make an Italian soldier. With these considerations in view, it ceases to be a wonder that the Pope was beholden to foreigners for the support of his power. He abhorred military conscription, though circumstances and the example of other nations would have fully justified him in enforcing it. To this fundamental reason add another, which is of paramount importance. If the character of the people were in itself loyal, confiding, and self-sufficient, the efforts of the revolution alone would have rendered a standing native army an impossibility. The emissaries of the sects were continually tampering with the little loyalty the people possessed, rousing them to regard the Popes as intolerable tyrants, and teaching them to consider a government of priests as a monstrous anomaly. Thus the people became more and more discontented with their lot, and so suspicious of one another that even families were divided. Notwithstanding all this Pius IX succeeded in raising a little army of twelve thousand native troops. They were not rocks of fidelity, it is true, but here again the government must not be blamed. The government can give the musket and the uniform, but it cannot impart fidelity and courage. In short, there is not a single complaint made against the Papal government which cannot find an explanation in the character of the people themselves. This is evident from facts. At first the number of priests in the administration of public matters was objected to. Their ranks were reduced to a mere shadow, but still the people, urged on by the demagogues of the revolution, clamored loudly, they hardly knew for what. They asked Pius IX for a constitution, and he gave it to them. They murdered the man who was chosen to put it into effect. Concessions were heaped upon concessions, yet the nation was not contented with its lot. If the population of the Papal States had a real cause of complaint against the administration, and if their so-called wrongs were founded upon this single cause, the receipt was ready and was excellent. A sovereign never mounted his throne with a greater desire to make reforms and insure the happiness of his people than Pius IX. Fundamentally, it was the very principle of government which was objected to, and not the mode of putting it into operation. It was not a question of form, but of reality.

We have endeavored to show that the form was as perfect as circumstances, with the character of the people combined, would permit. Without the high-sounding title of a constitution the people were prosperous and happy. They themselves will tell you so, now that the reality has been abolished. There is more discontent manifest now, in United Italy, than when it was divided into several principalities. The anomaly of a priestly government has been removed, but neither the people nor the world abroad is satisfied. But the real anomaly was neither the form of the Papal government nor even its existence. We must look for it in the character of the people, which develops itself into conflicting parties, continually wrangling with each other. Count de Rayneval's remarks on these parties were written twenty years ago, but they are a faithful picture of the present: "Between these parties there is a numerous crowd, very indifferent to everything else but their own prosperity; fond, certainly, of grumbling, but friends of good order, and living on good terms with the Pontifical government. Anywhere else such a party would

furnish the government with a good *point d'appui*, but in a country in which the spirit of enterprise and the energy necessary for any resistance whatever are absolutely unknown, where the only universal rule is *laissez faire*, with the reservation of the right of complaining when the thing is done, instead of beforehand, how can such friends be trusted, and how can the destinies of the state be placed solely in such hands? Here is the grand difficulty. No government can dispense with material assistance, and this condition cannot be fulfilled in the Roman States. Whichever of the whole number of parties has the luck to triumph, it is an indubitable fact that it will see forming around it, as has already been proved, the same assemblage of complaints which is directed against the present government. The same difficulty which the actual government experiences in finding *points d'appui*, in a land which is not able to furnish them, *will be experienced by every party which gains power*. The party which limits its wishes to reforms, when incapable of defending itself, on account of no one being willing to compromise himself in its defence, will give place to the constitutional party; this will, in turn, yield to the Mazzinians, who, thanks to measures of violence on their part, and carelessness on the part of others, will remain definitively masters of the situation. This will represent accurately the inevitable march of events whenever the present equilibrium is destroyed." He spoke like a prophet.

ABOUT A DIAMOND.

WERE you ever at Luna Springs? If you were, you are aware that there, in the valley inclosed by mountains towering in their mists of green to the more dazzling mists of the summer clouds, there is a long, very straight, appallingly regular pile, with gingerbread porches and sugar-work trellises, not interfered with by vine or foliage, and this is a "summer resort." The building is pink, and the porches and trellises white, adding very much to the general wedding-confectionery air of the whole. In the evenings, when on these porches sit, or walk, or attitudinize, "girls of the period," arrayed in gorgeous raiment, whereof the predominating effect is mist, skilfully caught and fitted to the feminine form, this air of candy-work is much heightened, and even further carried out to suggestions of live cupids, by the presence of children, who, in lieu of wings—which do not happen to be the mode—are gotten up in suits of wondrous tints, fluted, and puffed, and ruffled, and embroidered to perfection. Disposed appropriately amongst groups of these are "glasses of fashion and moulds of form" masculine. Their raiment is light, their conduct lighter; they quite naturally go to form part of the airy fabric of condensed sugar, which you can imagine to be the work of some confectionery genius, and made to grace some envied wedding-board, but to be demolished for the delight of admiring wedding guests.

If you have been a regulation visitor at Luna Springs, you know that there is just enough mountain, just enough stream, and just enough "springs" to give effect to this graceful centrepiece, no more nor no less. And, indeed, if you have

been a skilled summer tourist, you are quite aware by this time that to any summer haven of repose, from the city portion of the cares and trials of fashionable life, Nature's works are but the foils for works of toilet-art and *modiste* creations. For instance, an overhanging rock, covered with moss and inimitably festooned with ivy, is quite an effective background to a young lady attired in elaborate morning suit, with slippered foot put forward, and daintily gloved hand pointing to its frowning beauty, and pouting lips saying, "Isn't it grand? But, then, how perfectly awful if it would fall." But it can only be utilized as such background; after all, what would it be without the young lady? Then a stream, giant trees overhanging its depths of unrivalled clearness; banks of velvet-green, creeping entranced to meet the silver plashing of its waves; water-lilies rising snowily out of its crystal bosom. It forms a really passable foreground to a handsome young man, in the latest style of linen fatigue suit, angling at its edge. A difficult and zigzag path up the mountain is a good place for lovers to take a walk for sanitary reasons, and the depths of a leafy forest a pleasant spot to linger for the sake of fresh air. But I need not go on; I will take it for granted you have been at Luna Springs, or one of its many prototypes, and that you know the state of affairs. In case you have not, and that you have consequently labored under delusive belief, that Nature's magnificence ranks first in the estimation of "tired denizens" of town, who seek calm rest for eye and heart in neighborhood of chalybeate or sulphur spring, I hope I have hinted sufficiently of the true state of things to correct your mistake.

Well, it was the "height of the season" at Luna Springs; which means that all the "visitors" had arrived, and in the pink structure not an available spot of room was left for any new arrival, and the weather was as hot as weather can dare to be in the depths of a cool valley containing a deliciously plashing stream and springs of peerless clearness.

It was morning, at Luna Springs, and no diamond on dainty fingers bent on gathering ferns and wild blossoms could compare with the dew sparkling on grass, and leaf, and spray of wandering vine. It was soft, and misty, and peaceful at Luna Springs, and Fashion was as yet asleep and Nature triumphant in her lovely reign, when a carriage drove up to the entrance of that haven of rest, pronounced in landlord parlance "full." It was not the hour for the fashionable train—for Fashion has its own trains on which to come and go as well as all its other perquisites—and so this carriage was quite a curiosity. For any one to arrive at Luna Springs on the morning train almost argued that that person had mistaken his or her destination, and Fashion, reposing in the various cells of the pink house, called by courtesy bedrooms, opened its eyes at the sound of this carriage's presumptuous wheels, and furtively peeped through muslin curtains to see what could come of such unwonted circumstance as their presence. In reward for which equally unwonted exertion Fashion's eyes were greeted by the sight of a graceful figure, alighting with airy spring and then turning to the carriage-door and holding out a dainty hand, which, in Fashion's estimation, lost all its attribute of daintiness, for it was ungloved. This hand was met by another, white and wasted and tremulous, and clasped with the strength of youth, while a queenly figure feebly made its way out of the carriage, and in a moment the two stood side by side on the gravel walk in front of the door. Here Fashion was enabled to get a good view of them. The first, in perfectly plain black travelling suit, was very young;

a beautiful girl, with a profusion of shining brown hair rippling out from under the shadow of her sable hat, in flashes of gold-tipped brightness. Her face was more expressive than perfect, however, and the expressiveness too unconscious for the requirements of style. The other, figure, face, presence, was statuesque; as perfect in its outline and its beauty as any statue, and almost as lifeless; a woman in her prime, with blight of ill-health, in white presence, where bloom had been, but her striking beauty only the more proudly asserting its presence for that. Her dress, too, was black, and even more plain than that of the young girl; in fact, but one circumstance of the whole of their appearance suggested wealth. That was on the third finger of the elder lady's right hand, held up authoritatively to the servant who accompanied them, in giving some order about the disposal of the carriage, gleamed, astonished, dazzled Fashion's eyes. A diamond, only one, but of such size that it represented a fortune, not to be muffled up, as Fashion penetratingly remarked to itself, by plain black dresses and—no gloves. This was all Fashion saw, at least that portion of it peeping furtively through muslin curtains; for the younger lady hastened to assist the elder to a seat, and both disappeared in the shadow of the porch. Another spectator, however, who had been watching from the beginning, and *not* furtively but rather openly than otherwise, saw the end of the scene. This was a gentleman verging towards thirty, to judge by his well-developed figure reposing in the capacious embrace of a rustic chair near the door, and his face marked with thought, and owning an air of manhood which experience of life alone can bring. The richly clustering beard, setting off the decided but pleasant face, also gave evidence of years not belonging to early youth, and the whole man impressed one as being "every inch a man." This impression, as is seldom the case with hasty ones, gave the keynote to the unequalled harmony of Courtenay Brooke's entire character. You were never disabused of it by subsequent knowledge of him. In keeping with the instincts which rule such a nature as his, and which no woman ever fails to recognize, or ever, when its courtesy is proffered her, even for a moment misconstrues, he rose, and wheeling forward his chair said, with easy and well-bred air of deference—

"Excuse me, madam, but you are weak, and if you will sit here for a few moments, in the air, will find it much less trying to ascend the stairs. There," placing a footstool before her and handing her a fan, "can I do anything else? Have you any orders about your baggage or horses?"

The elder lady sunk back in the chair, apparently too overcome to speak, and the younger one said, with a bright smile,

"Thank you, no. The coachman knows what to do with the horses, and Aunt Veva only needs rest."

Then appeared the landlord, who said,

"I am very sorry, ladies, but we have not a room vacant. If you had telegraphed I would have let you known."

"Why, we sent a message yesterday," said the younger lady, "and receiving no reply took it for granted a room would be ready. We came in our own carriage, as you see, sir, and though on that account it is easy for us to leave, I fear it will be impossible on this one," and she pointed to the elder lady, now ghastly pale, and more like one about to faint than one able to make exertion of any kind. While she then bent over her, fanned her, and wiped her brow, Courtenay Brooke called the landlord aside.

"The lady is more dangerously affected than she appears," he said. "An old bachelor like me can rough

it, so take her to my room. I doubt if she can ever leave it alive; and the pathos of the young girl's situation is crowned by the fact of her unconsciousness of this danger for her relative. Come, we will carry her in that chair; I have been up so long I know the room is ready."

They carried her up, and Fashion arose to learn that the new arrivals were lodged in that envied room of Courtenay Brooke's, for which hints had been given in vain, and the occupation of which by a single man was voted an imposition, when ladies with irrepressible billows of finery surging over tiny apartments and inundating them could hardly find a spot whereon to rest their fairy feet. For the room was large and bright, a miracle in a pink and white house of the confectionery order. Its walls held clusters of roses, and its carpet green moss with brown ivy scattered over it. Its windows eschewed muslin curtains, and instead, sheltered hanging-baskets, whose wealth of foliage shaded them instead. Pictures spoke from out the roses on the walls, and books with titles relished by literary connoisseur were piled on table and shelf. In the recess of a vine-draped window stood a writing-table, with inkstand and paper-weight of cut glass, that gleamed there like huge diamonds, the rainbow's colors held captive for the fortunate owner's delight. So light, and cheer, and beauty greeted you at the entrance to the old "bachelor's room." Vainly had landlord and coming visitor tempted him to give it up; vainly had belles admired its situation, its beauty, its owner! He had taken it long before "the season" commenced, had occupied it fully a month before any visitor arrived, had arranged it exactly according to his own fancy, and had avowed his determination of remaining in it long after "the season" was over. And now, Fashion bit its lip; the thought was mortification itself. Courtenay Brooke, who had up to this been perfectly insensible to the charms of the feminine galaxy which formed the light of Luna Springs, must have fallen a victim to those, such as they were, of that girl without gloves. Nothing less could have induced him to the length of giving up his cherished room. Well, your talented, secluded men, your geniuses, are always so obtuse about women, always taken in in the end! Then Fashion made up its mind to see what "these people" were like. So it went up and tapped many times with proffered sympathy at the closed white door, in the shape of dainty light-robed figures, with slippered feet put out just ready to enter, which were arrested in their onward course by the appearance at said door of Courtenay Brooke, with finger uplifted, and admonitory gesture of silence. That was all.

As the day advanced Fashion was informed, by fitful rumors, that into the pink and white shelter of Luna Springs was stalking a visitor, who could force entrance, no matter how "full" its space of accommodation; that the lady registered on the books as "Miss Genevieve Neil" was fast passing from earthly registration, except on one white, mournful list; that Courtenay Brooke, hitherto voted barbarous for his devotion to nature, and his want of devotion to art, as displayed in fashion's handiwork, now shared the watch of the young stranger, by what had become a bed of death.

"Dreadful! Why did the woman come here to die? And why does that horrid Courtenay Brooke stay in there too?" And Fashion turned away to plan the "business" of the day for killing time, which you must know hung heavy on the hands of the sojourners at Luna Springs, and had to be killed in order to make less the burden.

Ah! yes. *Why* did Courtenay Brooke stay in the bright room so surely shadowed? Into the answer

for which Fashion waited in vain, comes the perfect unfolding of the present story. So you shall have it to the full.

Placing his, by this time, completely unconscious burden on the bed, when he gained the shelter provided for it, by a simple impulse of kindness, only a part of his nature, though construed by Fashion to another motive, he took the white and motionless hand in his, for the purpose of feeling the pulse. In the act his eyes encountered the blaze of the diamond before mentioned. At sight of it he grew transformed; a look almost of guilt crept over his face, a ghastly, shuddering look; he trembled, fell on his knees, and for the moment seemed to forget the presence of any one but the insensible creature wearing it, and her he regarded with the gaze of one who saw the dead resuscitated. All this the young girl did not notice; with a mortal fear at her heart she was watching for a sign of life, striving to induce one, but the landlord said, "Are you sick, Mr. Brooke? I will call some one else."

"No," he said, evidently conquering himself, "but I will go for the doctor. Other skill than ours is needed here, sadly, sadly," he added, looking with an indescribable expression on the young girl, an expression half pitying, half deprecating, unmistakably admiring.

His sole question, when the doctor gave the decision promptly that the lady could not live, and if she had friends they must be summoned, was:

"Will she be conscious again? Can she speak once more?"

"Doubtful, sir; she might though. You can never tell with certainty in these cases."

Then he turned to the young lady, kneeling silent and tearless, but with a stricken look all the more woful for the absence of tears.

"My dear," said he, in a fatherly sort of way, "you are very young to be placed in such an extremity. Is there any, any older relative for whom I can send?"

But before she could answer, said Courtenay Brooke, "I happen to know, doctor, she has no one. This lady is the only person to whom she can look for direction or support, and, as the son of a very old friend of Miss Neil, I venture to offer any service which, in this emergency, might be the privilege of a relative."

The young girl looked at him in wonder, which she made no effort of concealing, and simply said,

"Thank you; I have, indeed, no friend but this, and I cannot believe God will take her from me!"

When the doctor and the landlord retired, he approached her, and with a trembling voice said:

"I know your history and your name; I know *why* you lose all in losing her." He pointed to the diamond, "I know the history of that beautiful fatal legacy. It is but proper that I should tell you *how* I know all this. I—I—am Miss Neil's missing nephew."

No wonder he had hesitated about the announcement, if he foresaw its result! She turned from him with a look of horror upon her face impossible to be described in words; she retreated some steps, as if to be near him were contamination; she clasped her hands, and looked up to heaven, as if by prayer she would avert the spell of his presence.

"I have never seen my aunt," he pursued in the same tremulous tone, "till to-day. I only know her through that," pointing to the diamond, "but it, alas! I know too well. I am aware that you regard me with feelings of horror, and that to be left alone with me, in such an hour as this, must add to your sorrow, more than any other circumstance that could have befallen you. But I beg of you to suspend your judgment till later; permit me to fill my true place to her and to you, that place, in this hour, fit for a near re-

lation alone, and let the future prove what I am confident it will, that in the sad and irrevocable past I was mistaken but not guilty."

The evident honesty of the plea seemed to touch her, but still she stood with averted face, so that this seeming only showed itself in her gentleness of tone, as she answered,

"God knows I could wish you were not guilty, and I have no right to send you from here."

The eyes of the sick lady opened, fell upon the two standing thus—she with face averted still, and he with imploring one—they dilated with horror. She strove to speak. He fell on his knees beside the bed, and kissed her hand. "Oh!" he said, with very agony of pleading in his tone, "do not look on me so! I see you know my face from my father's. I am, indeed, your brother Courtenay's son. I am *not guilty*, and I call on Heaven to witness my truth!"

The tone could have pierced even dying ears, with its clarion tone of proud earnestness.

"I knew you alone through that," and he pointed to the diamond. "If I were what you suppose, would I acknowledge this at all? I never saw you before; never saw your dear ward; does it look like guilt to recognize you now?"

An expression of peace settled upon her pallid face; a smile stole out of the depths of her beautiful eyes, beautiful even with death's shadow settling there. She held out her hand—that with the diamond sparkling on it—and he placed his in its clasp, then she looked towards the young girl, who, at the look, came to her side. She took the hand she held and offered it to her, with a vain attempt to speak.

"You want us to be friends, Aunt Veva," sobbed the girl.

She bowed assent.

This was why he stayed.

Together they watched through long hours, when Fashion wondered and whimpered and gossiped outside, in all the halls and rooms and porches of the pink-and-white house. The presence of Death was entering very gently into the worn frame; there were no struggles, no pain, and unconsciousness even of life marked the ebb of time for her they watched. Twice during those long hours she strove to speak, but in vain. Once they brought her pencil and paper, and she strove to write—thought she had written, and handed it to them to read. Ah! the poor fingers had only traced illegible characters—no word could, by the most skilled decipherer, be made out of those rambling lines. She was dying, with some weight upon her mind, and could make no sign.

Fashion tripped gaily about; for now evening had fallen, and wondered if a match would come of this, and if Courtenay Brooke was caught at last, and other surmises of the like ilk. And it hoped to-morrow would be a good day for the coming picnic, and declared *he* would never be missed, etc., etc. And just as it was wound up to a pitch of baffled curiosity and wounded pride beyond all telling, the announcement was made that Miss Neil had found speech at last, and had called for a Catholic priest!

Fashion sat down to recover itself, and awaited the issue.

(To be concluded.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE TEMPLE.

THE literature of the French Revolution seems to be inexhaustible. We are continually receiving fresh additions to our stock of minute information concerning it, and it seems likely that the accumulation of memoirs and documents, which is ever on the increase, will gradually make us acquainted with more personal histories connected with it than with any other catastrophe of the kind that the world has ever seen. Foremost, of course, in interest among the tragic features of that terrible drama must be placed all that relates to Louis XVI and his unfortunate family. The king himself is well enough known to us all—good, honest, somewhat commonplace, if it were not for the passive virtues brought out in him by his sufferings, pious, weak, too diffident in himself, too credulous in the intentions and assurances of others. Marie Antoinette is becoming more known than she was: her letters have been published, and her character vindicated from the stains which had been cast upon it; Madame Elizabeth is a clearly drawn figure by the side of her brother and his wife; and M. de Beauchesne, in his *Life of Louis XVII,* has brought together all that can possibly be desired about the history of the Dauphin. This book is, indeed, one of the most perfect works of its kind that it has ever been our lot to meet with. No history of the French Revolution is, in certain respects, equal to this, in which the central figure is a child, born "in the purple" only, as it were, to have a title to the crown of a martyr rather than of a monarch, and to be the single victim of all those who perished in that dreadful visitation who was at once the most innocent and the most helpless, and whose slow agony touches us the most deeply. The book reads like one of the most solemn and pathetic of the Greek tragedies—only that we see the chastisement broken by a thousand gleams of mercy and tenderness, and the sufferings of the devoted family elevated, soothed, and gilded by Christian faith, resignation, and the charity which forgives and prays for its murderers.

We hope to return ere long to this fascinating book, which tells the tale we have so often heard without being weary of it, in a way which makes us feel as if it had never been told before. At present we have room but for a single scene —which illustrates, indeed, no very remarkable feature in the character of Marie Antoinette—for it can hardly be called remarkable that a mother should refuse to quit her children under the circumstances in which the royal family found themselves after the execution of the king. Still, when we draw for ourselves the picture of the noble and haughty daughter of Maria Teresa, and mourn over her tragic end at the guillotine, we do not always remember that but for her own choice she might have been freed from the Temple before the time when there was no longer a chance that her life might be spared. After the murder of her husband, the queen never deceived herself as to the fate reserved for her by her enemies; and she might easily have foreseen, during the few months which passed before her son was torn from her, that they would not long be allowed to share their captivity one with another, and her presence elsewhere, animating the Vendean revolt, or even in the armies of the emigrants, might have served powerfully to advance the cause of her son.

This, indeed, strikes us throughout the whole of the story of Louis XVI

and his family. It is less the history of a king, queen, prince, and princess, than that of husband and wife, parents and children. Louis, as it seems, was not at first passionately fond of his wife; his nature, perhaps, was not of the most expansive or impressible character. Nevertheless, when adversities begin, and the clouds gather ever darker and thicker over the devoted house, the life of its members is the simple happy existence of a most affectionate family. Their first and only thought seems to be to keep together. Indeed the king's domestic character stood seriously in the way of the only hope that dawned on him of escaping the fate that was prepared for him. The flight towards Montmédy, which was stopped at Varennes, failed almost entirely on this account. It would have been perfectly easy for the king to have got away from Paris alone, or for the queen and the Dauphin to have been placed, as De Bouillé proposed, in security. But it was an indispensable condition that the family should be kept together, and so the celebrated *berline* was built on purpose—very much as if Louis Philippe had had a man-of-war built to cross the Channel in. The amount of preparation required for the journey made it a matter of public conversation before the attempt was made, and yet it almost seems as if a little more punctuality and a little more resolution in the endurance of hardships might have brought the royal family safe to their destination. We can imagine how very differently a Bonaparte would have managed his business under the same circumstances. So again, when we read the account of the quiet domestic life led by the royal family in the Temple, the hours arranged for reading and devotion, the king himself undertaking the education of the children, the queen and Madame Elizabeth sitting up at night to mend the clothes, we are struck with the thought how very little more would have been requisite to make them perfectly happy as they were, and what a contrast Louis XVI, with his book in his little room in the turret, dignified by the name of *cabinet de lecture*, presents to the uneasy Prometheus of the Empire, chained to his rock in the centre of the Atlantic.

Our increasing knowledge of the details of the Revolution confirms those anticipations we might naturally have formed as to the great admixture of good elements in what looks at first sight as a boiling sea of vice, crime, and barbarity. More than half the people were dragged into the vortex against their will, and acted unwillingly and from fear alone in the scenes of violence which have become historic. We can never be sure of any one. We might have supposed, for instance, that the barber who dressed the hair of the head of the Princesse de Lamballe, when it was to be carried on a pike and presented at the window of the Temple for Marie Antoinette to recognize, must have been almost as great a barbarian as the men who exposed her body to insult, tore out her heart, and ate it. On the contrary, the barber was a royalist, and probably saved the life of a friend of the princess, who had taken refuge in his shop, and fainted at the news of her death, by standing before her and pushing her into a back room while he conversed coolly with the murderers. Thus we find that, even among the *commissaires* of the Commune appointed to keep up the vexatious inspection to which the royal family was exposed, men were found who not only sympathized with them, but were ready to risk their own lives in their service. Two of these commissioners, Lepitre and Toulan, had been won over to the royal cause, even before the trial and death of Louis XVI, by the patience and resignation which they

had witnessed in the prisoners of the Temple. They managed to be on guard together, by arranging, without apparent concert, to take the turns which their colleagues generally avoided, the Saturdays and Sundays; and they also contrived that their single companion —whoever he might be—(for there were always three commissioners on the watch)—should have the day service, and leave them the night, when there was less difficulty in friendly communications with the queen and Madame Elizabeth, who were thus supplied with papers and intelligence, and able to send messages to their friends. Toulan had the great fortune to be able to get for Marie Antoinette what were in her eyes the most precious of treasures: the king's ring and seal, and some locks of hair—her own, his sister's, and his children's—which he had carried about him till the very last, and committed to the charge of the faithful Cléry just before his execution. They had been sealed up and placed in the room which he had occupied; but Toulan managed to subtract them and leave counterfeits in their place. Toulan was the friend who conceived the plan for the escape of the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children, which was almost successful in the course of the March of 1793. Marie Antoinette placed him in communication with the Chevalier de Jarjayes, a perfectly devoted royalist officer, and Lepitre was also admitted to their confidence. The two ladies were to be dressed as men, and to have pass-cards furnished them, which it was perfectly easy for Lepitre to procure. The difficulty was about the children; but this was not insurmountable. It so happened that there was a lamplighter who had the charge of the lights in the Temple, and so entered and left it every evening, just about the time of a change of the guard; and this man had two children who often accompanied and helped him, and who were about the age and height of the young prince and his sister. So it was arranged that a friend of M. de Jarjayes should dress himself in the same way and come to the tower after the guard had been relieved. The real lamplighter would have gone before this had taken place; then the disguised gentleman was to be severely reprimanded by Toulan for sending his children to do his work for him, and to be dismissed amid a storm of reproaches with Louis XVII and his sister under his charge. M. de Jarjayes undertook to provide for their safety when they were once out of the Temple. There was no fear about passports, for Lepitre himself was president of the committee by whom they were ordinarily issued.

The plan might easily have been executed, at least as far as concerned Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth; but unfortunately it was conceived a few days too late. It had been determined to try it on the 8th of March. Before that day came, the successes of the Austrians at Aix-la-Chapelle, Maestricht, and Liége caused great disturbance in Paris, and a clamor was raised to close the gates of the city against persons desirous of leaving it. The last struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain was beginning—and the general alarm and excitement forced the men in power to be unusually vigilant over their important captives in the Temple, especially over the young king. Dumouriez was denounced in the convention on the 12th of March; La Vendée rose at last the day after. The friends of the royal family gave up in despair their hopes of rescuing Louis XVII; but they plied his mother with every possible argument and entreaty to induce her to save her life for his sake and her own, by a timely flight. They informed her of what was now a matter of current talk in Paris, the intention to bring her to trial and execution. Madame

Elizabeth, with noble self-forgetfulness, joined her prayers to those of Toulan. At length the queen yielded —or appeared to yield—and the day was appointed. That night Madame Royale—the girl who was afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only one of the prisoners of the Temple who was to survive her captivity—lay awake in her bed, and as her door was half open, she heard what passed between her mother and her aunt as they sat by the bedside of the sleeping boy. "God grant," said Marie Antoinette, "that this child may be happy!" "He will be happy," said Madame Elizabeth, and she pointed to his face,—bright, sweet, and noble. "Youth is short, as joy is short: happiness, like everything else, comes to an end. And you, my sister, when and how shall I see you again?—no, it cannot be, it cannot be." Marie Antoinette had given up her plan of escape: nothing could induce her to leave her children. When Toulan came the next day, full of his great enterprise, he found her changed. He would reproach her, she said, but she had reflected. "Here there is nothing to be feared but danger; death is better than remorse." She told him afterwards that she should die unhappy if she had not proved to him her gratitude. "I shall die very unhappy, madame," he answered, "if I have not been able to prove to you my devotion." He was to perish on the guillotine in little more than a year. The queen gave him a letter to M. de Jarjayes, in which she thanked him for his faithfulness, and committed to his charge the relics which Toulan had procured for her, and which she too well knew that she would not live long to keep herself. The seal and the locks of hair were to be sent to the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII), and the ring, with the hair of the king, to the Comte d'Artois.

Two months later, another plan was devised for the rescue of the royal family. Toulan and Lepitre, with some others like them, had been removed from the list of commissioners on account of the denunciations of Tison, though the plot which they had contrived was never discovered. Things were getting worse and worse in Paris: the Girondists had been sacrificed, the Mountain and Robespierre were victorious. Marie Antoinette had still a friend among the commissioners—Michonis. He saw too plainly that the danger to her life was increasing, and he entered into communication with the Baron de Batz, a most determined and intrepid royalist, who stayed in Paris at the risk of his head solely for the purpose of serving the royal cause. He had almost organized a rescue for Louis XVI himself on his way to the scaffold, and he now arranged a singularly bold plan for the deliverance of his family. He kept himself hid, chiefly, in the house of Cortey, a grocer, a captain of the National Guard of the terrible "Section Lepelletier," who was his sworn friend, and he had also gained Chrétien, one of the jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This man managed to get Cortey appointed as one of the commanders of the guard of the Temple; and with Michonis the commissioner within the tower, and Cortey the commanding officer of the guard without, at his disposal, De Batz seemed likely to have every chance for accomplishing his purpose. The plan was very simple and daring, for it supposed the faithfulness of a great number of persons. The whole number of men—about thirty—on guard during two hours—from midnight till two in the morning—were in the secret; uniforms were to be introduced into the tower, which the queen and Madame Elizabeth were to put on. The sentinels were to say nothing when Cortey, as commander, ordered the opening of the gates, and a whole patrol was to march out, in the middle of which the children were to be placed. This plot, again, was never detected; but

warning was given in a mysterious way to Simon, a personal enemy of Michonis, and, like him, one of the commissioners of the Commune, that treachery was intended, and half an hour before midnight, when everything was prepared, Simon appeared with an order that the command of the tower was to be placed in his own hands. De Batz, who had managed to be enrolled under a false name in the company under the command of Cortey, had the presence of mind to escape undetected: Michonis gave up his command with the most perfect self-possession, and was able the next day to persuade his colleagues that the alarm had been a false one, got up out of spite by Simon. But the opportunity was lost forever. A few weeks after, the poor young prince was torn from his mother and the other captives, and put under the charge of the hateful Simon; and in the January of the next year, almost exactly twelve months after the death of her husband, Marie Antoinette herself fell under the guillotine,—which she might have escaped if she could have parted from her children.

BABEAU, THE QUEEN OF THE HALLE.

A SKETCH, COMPILED FROM THE LIFE OF THE REV. PERE BARELLE, S. J.

Part I.

The picturesque, busy, trading, noisy town of Marseilles, famous as one of the principal, if not the principal, seaports on the Mediterranean; famous also for its sunny skies, its magnificent villas, its grand sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, and the talented, turbulent, active character of its inhabitants, who inherit, the women especially, the classical beauty of the Grecian race from which they spring—was the native city of Madame Sabatier, commonly called Babeau, the Provencal abbreviation of Elizabeth. Some thirty years ago she reigned supreme in the immense halle, or market-place, of the old Phocian city, where tradition says that Lazarus, the friend of our Blessed Lord, became the first Christian Bishop; and near which St. Mary Magdalene spent the last years of her life in prayer and penance, at a place called La Beaume, where the cave in a rock which was her abode, has ever been the resort of pilgrims and an object of continued veneration.

Babeau was a woman of immense size, great beauty, and prodigious strength, and extraordinary boldness. Everybody in Marseilles knew by name, if not by sight, the handsome and formidable Babeau, whom even the police were afraid of. It was difficult to find a *sergent-de-ville* who would venture to interfere with this muscular heroine, and her sovereignty over the market-place was absolute. Her stall was famous for its beautiful fruits; her peaches, her pomegranates, and her grapes were superior to those of any other seller; but woe betide the unhappy person who would have ventured in any instance to question their merits or dispute their price! A volley of abuse instantly overwhelmed such rash individuals, who were fortunate if they escaped without having something thrown at their heads, or a great spattering of mud on their clothes, which were the usual means

by which Babeau backed her eloquence. If a quarrel or a fight arose amongst her subjects, she did not stop to consider on what side justice might happen to be, but fell mercilessly on the strongest party, and always came off victorious. She used to declare "that there was no fun in making a woman go down on her knees; but that to knock down a man, throw him into the gutter, and give him a good drubbing, was something worth speaking of." These sort of exploits, accompanied by fearful oaths and loud vociferations, were daily occurrences; and all the market-sellers were so afraid of Babeau, that nobody ventured to do anything against her will, or even without her permission. She went by the name of the Queen of the Halle (market).

Besides her violence and outrageous acts, her conduct was in other respects scandalous. Though married to a cab-driver called Joseph Sabatier, she was not in reality his wife. Nobody ventured to remonstrate with her, except a quiet gentle neighbor, who now and then said a few words on the subject, bore with patience the bursts of anger and abuse which ensued, and was always praying for Babeau's conversion, and quietly hoping for the day when grace would touch her soul. Many would have said this was hoping against hope. One day, however, this good woman met her terrible friend, and said to her:

"I say, there is a famous Jesuit preaching at Trinity Church. You ought to come and hear him; his sermons are quite a treat."

"I go to church?" Babeau exclaimed; "what next, I wonder? I should like to hear of any one converting *me!* You might as soon think of converting the devil. As sure as I am alive, I shall go to hell. But as you say it is a Jew" (she had never heard of Jesuits) "who is preaching at Trinity Church, I shall just go and hear what he has to say."

Great was the surprise of the congregation when Babeau was seen stalking up the church, where nobody had ever seen her before, and taking up her position exactly opposite the pulpit.

It was the Rev. Father Barrelle, one of those wholly religious who speak like apostles and live like saints, who was at that moment giving a Retreat. The meditation that day was on the parable of the Prodigal Son. He threw himself into the subject with all the ardor of a soul devoured with zeal and consumed by the burning desire of drawing sinners to the feet of our Blessed Lord. He was himself a native of the south of France, and gifted with the passionate eloquence which his countrymen so often possess; a man of pure and spotless life, of great austerity, and of boundless charity. Babeau has never in her life heard anything like Father Barrelle's preaching. She kept every minute bounding from her chair, and exclaiming, in an undervoice:

"It is for me he is preaching. This sermon is on purpose for me. It is all about me (Es per you que si fa lou sermoun. Tout au mi regardo)." And as she came out of the church, she cried out in a sort of transport, "That father's words have pierced my heart; I have heard a sermon that has gone through and through me!" and tears were streaming from her eyes.

She spent the interval between this discourse and the following one in a state of great agitation. She was pining to hear the Père Barrelle again. At last he mounted the pulpit, and began his sermon. As he went on, divine love took such impetuous possession of his soul, that he gave utterance to a cry which rose from the very depths of his heart:

"O my Jesus, my Jesus! I must have a soul! I want it—I must have it! You must not deny me!"

And after a pause, he again addressed our Lord, repeating the same

words, as if almost beside himself with the intensity of his desire.

Babeau's emotion was indescribable. She thought it was her soul the father was claiming with that intense vehemence, and she was about to exclaim several times, "Here it is—here is my soul!" Grace was working a stupendous change in that ardent and passionate nature. She was afraid that the preacher would die of the violence of his desire to win her soul to God, and that she should be the cause of his death. Entirely subdued by these new feelings, forgetting all human respect, absorbed by the power of divine grace, she rushed out of the church the moment the sermon was over, crying out, to the great surprise of the crowd:

"That father has caught me! Oh, that father has quite caught me! I must go to confession."

It was late in the evening. Father Barrelle was exhausted with heat and fatigue; but no sooner had he reached the community house than he was told that a woman insisted upon seeing him immediately, in order to go to confession. He went directly to the parlor, and found Babeau, who fell at his feet, crying bitterly. He encouraged and soothed the poor penitent, and appointed an hour to meet her in the church on the following day. Very early in the morning she was at the feet of the good priest, made her confession with the deepest signs of contrition, and consented to every sacrifice he required. It was necessary that she should separate from Joseph, and that condition she also courageously accepted.

Like the Samaritan woman, who hastened to tell all her neighbors that she had found a Saviour, she went about everywhere, relating by what means she had been converted, and what fatherly advice she had received from the holy servant of God. All the ladies of Marseilles wished to see her, and to hear from her own lips her extraordinary history, which, told in her forcible picturesque language, with more than the ordinary poetry and eloquence of a southern imagination, powerfully moved the hearts of those who heard it.

From the memorable day of her conversion, Babeau's life was a constant and generous act of reparation for her former sins. The first thing she did was to go to the market-place, publicly to declare her sorrow for her past conduct, and ask forgiveness for the scandal she had given and the acts of violence she had committed.

"You have been the ruin of many souls," her spiritual father had said; "now you must try and save as many as you can."

From that hour this true penitent devoted herself to an apostolate amongst her companions. One by one she humbled herself before them, acknowledging her wickedness, and begging them to forgive all her ill-usage; and then went on to entreat them to follow her example, and to go and seek from the servant of God absolution from their sins.

Every day regularly she was seen coming to Father Barrelle's confessional with a train of at least five or six women, and sometimes a much greater number. Sometimes her persuasions partook a little of the character of her former methods of compulsion; but if the penitents were dragged slightly against their will into the confessional, they all came out of it very happy, and proceeded in their turn to act the part of missionaries, and bring new recruits to the good father.

The effect of these conversions soon began to be perceptible, and the market, which had been the habitual scene of constant quarrels, became by degrees quite peaceful. As soon as a contention arose, Babeau was on the spot, and almost always managed to settle the matter. The tone of the place was gradually changed. Business began to be carried on quietly; the coarse abuse,

the oaths, and all that dreadful slang made up of curses and blasphemy, for which the market-place at Marseilles had been famous, by degrees ceased to be heard.

Part II.

The name of Father Barrelle was in general veneration. They all called him their "father" or their "good father." His first care was to secure the continuance of this work of conversion, by giving to these women, full of good impulses, and most of them warm-hearted, sufficient instruction and such habits of piety as would enable them to persevere in their ardent but too often weak resolutions.

He united all these recent converts in a Christian association, to which he gave the name of St. Anne's Congregation. In the course of the two years during which he directed it, this confraternity increased rapidly, and many hundred members were enrolled in it before he left Marseilles. He organized the work, wrote the rules, and made the plan for the weekly meetings. Every Thursday he came himself to give an instruction to his dear children, adapting all his discourses to their habits of mind and of life, interesting them by stories which pleased their lively fancy, and illustrated the doctrines he wished to teach and the precepts he enforced. Often he mixed in his addresses some words of his and their native Provencal, a language familiar once to kings and bards, and that even on the lips of illiterate persons has a strange poetic power.

The children of St. Anne had an unbounded affection for and confidence in their holy director; but they often put his patience to a severe test by their indiscreet and turbulent zeal, and the endless flow of their inexhaustible loquacity. He used to be seen surrounded as by a swarm of bees buzzing around him, with his head gently bowed down on his breast, and a smile of the sweetest kindness on his lips, trying gently to stay this torrent of words, but never by an impatient look or word distancing the good fish-women and fruit-sellers who composed his audience, or rather, who compelled him to listen to them. By dint of humility and perseverance he brought at last under control the vehemence of this characteristic impetuosity.

He was explaining one day the necessity every soul is under of daily repairing the spiritual injuries it sustains. Comparing it to a ship sailing to its eternal home, he said that they had often occasion to notice how the poor battered hulks of the vessels that came into port had to be carefully repaired, and if this was neglected, and they went to sea again with their leaks unstopped and their sails torn to pieces, how certainly they would come to grief.

Now it happens that the French word for the hulk of a ship is sometimes used in common parlance as a term of contempt. The fiery ladies of the Halle, taking no heed of the figurative use the preacher had made of it, were frantic at the supposed insult. Some of them burst into tears, others flew into a passion; and they all declared that they should never get over the contemptuous way in which the father had spoken of their souls, and his bad opinion of them.

As soon as the report of this burst of outraged feelings reached him, Father Barrelle hastened to gather them together, and addressed them in these words:

"Is it possible that my children, my dear daughters of St. Anne, can suppose for a moment that I intended to insult them—I, their father, who have been so long devoted to them, and who would willingly give my life to save their souls? How could I give you a stronger proof of my regard than by my constant efforts to improve and console you? But since I have involuntarily hurt and offended my dear children, I humbly entreat them to forgive me."

No sooner had he uttered the words than the whole congregation began to weep; and from that day forward the love and confidence towards their spiritual father was unbounded.

In 1845 Father Barrelle gave a Retreat to the congregation of St. Anne. At the close of the exercises, a statue of their holy patroness was placed in the church where their meetings took place, and it is now always carried by the guild in their processions on great festivals, and in their pilgrimages to Notre Dame de la Garde.

In 1845, when in the chamber of deputies at Paris the Society of Jesus was violently attacked, and a report gained ground that all its houses were about to be suppressed, the market-sellers of Marseilles rose, may we say, like one woman, in defence of their father and their friend. They organized themselves into bands, and agreed to watch day and night by turns the abode of their benefactors, and declared that nothing should induce them to let an enemy approach it. The authorities had to be reassured by Father Barrelle, who went to assure them that he answered for his children's keeping the peace at his request. Perhaps it was a member of Père Barrelle's flock who, at a Red Republican meeting at Marseilles a short time ago, lifted up her voice when the Jesuits were denounced, and, bolder than most men dare to be in our days, exclaimed, "And what harm, in God's name, have they ever done to you?"

Another kind of aggression was met with a similar manifestation. It reached their ears that the provincial had appointed Father Barrelle to another post. There was a general outcry and complaints, and no mild epithets applied to the unhappy superior. But when it became actually known that the father was starting that day, a rush was made to the place whence the coach was to start, and the equipage at once surrounded and detained. No efforts of the driver or of the police could avail. At last the father was requested to get out, that the other passengers might not be detained. A deputation was instantly formed from the guild of St. Anne, which set off at once for Lyons; and they managed so well—they must have been eloquent indeed to touch the heart of a Jesuit Provincial—that he actually relented, and Father Barrelle was allowed to remain at Marseilles. Later on, when he was withdrawn from his devoted children, care was taken to observe an absolute secrecy as to his removal, and he stole away like a thief in the night.

Babeau was for many years president of St. Anne's guild. Now and then the natural violence of her character broke out. Grace had changed but not completely subdued it. It may be easily imagined what fierce struggles with her passions this poor woman must have gone through, especially in the earlier days of her conversion.

Once she heard a woman sneer at Father Barrelle's sermon. She remained silent a moment; then, ready to burst, she darted off, and pushed her way into the holy man's confessional.

"Father, father!" she gasped, "for once—just for this once—let me off my promise. Just once, for the last time!"

The father tried to calm her, and asked what permission she wanted. When he found it was to be allowed to give a box on the ear to the abovementioned offender, and that Babeau was in such a towering passion that it would be in vain to propose to her an act of pure virtue, he said,

"Well, my child, will you do something for my sake—something to please me?"

"O yes, father; I'd die for you if I could."

"Well, my child, instead of giving that woman a box on the ear, you will go and buy something at her stall, and you will speak to her very civilly."

Babeau made a violent effort, conquered herself, and did exactly what the father told her.

She always spoke of him as if he were her own particular property. "*My* father, *my* good father," were the words constantly on her lips. She had no idea this could displease him or be considered unbecoming; and indeed the ardent gratitude of her heart, as well as the frank and demonstrative way of speaking natural to the inhabitants of Provence, made it less singular than it might otherwise have seemed. She knew that the fathers had no fixed resources, and relied on Providence for their daily support. So she went every morning round the market, begging provisions for the good father; and if he were leaving Marseilles on some apostolic mission, Babeau was sure to be found standing near the door of the diligence with a well-stored basket, which, to the great annoyance of the good father, she insisted on thrusting into the vehicle. But neither rebukes, scoldings, nor refusals could check these troublesome tokens of Babeau's gratitude. "He has taken the badness out of my heart," she used to say. "I must give him good things in return."

After Father Barrelle had left Marseilles, she managed to save enough money to go and see him at Avignon, and from time to time wrote to tell him how she was going on. He was kind enough to write to her in return, and his letters were read by all Marseilles; for when Babeau had heard from her good father, everybody was to share in her happiness, and she used to stop the bishop's carriage in the street, in order to show monseigneur what the holy man had written to her. Monseigneur Mazevod never complained of this proceeding, and congratulated her on having such a good father.

This great servant of God came once after his removal from the house at Marseilles to give a Retreat to the confraternity of St. Anne; and in 1847 he preached the Lenten sermons at the Mission de France. Once or twice only in the intervals he passed through the town, and maintained a strict incognito, in order to avoid the noisy marks of attachment with which the market-women would have greeted him. On one of these occasions he met Babeau in the street as he was going to the diligence. She made an exclamation; but seeing in her dear father's countenance that he did not wish to be spoken to, she went and seated herself in silence on a door-step at a little distance from the carriage. The tears were streaming down her face, and Père Barrelle, turning to a friend who was with him, said, "There are few hearts like that woman's."

She co-operated actively in another of the good works of this indefatigable missioner. After the guild of St. Anne had been some time established, he said to her one day, "You have brought me plenty of women. Now, my child, I want men to lead the way, and give a good example to others." Babeau demurred a little at this proposal, but soon complied with the father's wish, and in the first instance brought her husband to him. Since her conversion she had married Joseph, who was a well-disposed man, and proved in time quite an apostle in his way. He and his friends were the first members of the guild of St. Joseph, which has now 2000 associates. Some years afterwards Father Barrelle was passing through Marseilles, and accidentally heard that Joseph was dying. He hurried to his house, where Babeau was tearing her hair, and crying out for her good father. He pacified the poor woman, assisted her husband in his last moments, and left her resigned to the will of God.

Babeau had many trials before her death. She was unboundedly charitable, and never hesitated to lend or give away what she possessed. Having generously but incautiously as-

sisted a person with a sum which was necessary to the support of her own little business, it was never repaid to her, and she fell into great poverty. Her mind became affected, and it was Father Barrelle's friends who ministered to her wants during the remainder of her life. In his letters he often reminded them to look after his poor Babeau, and expressed the kindest interest in her welfare. Perhaps his prayers obtained for this true penitent the grace of suffering on earth, of atoning for the sins of her youth in this world, and of reaping in heaven the reward of those who turn many unto righteousness. Her story is full of useful lessons. It shows that we should not despair of any one's conversion—that the greatest sinner may become an instrument of mercy to others—that there is an apostolate which can be carried on in the market-places and in the work-rooms of great cities—and that the strong will and quick impetuous feelings which when undisciplined tend to crime and misery, if turned by the grace of God into the right channel, may effect results which gladden the angels of God, and add, as our Lord has emphatically told us, to the very joy of heaven. O, that many in our courts and alleys—many of those warm passionate loving souls that to-day give scandal to their neighbors, but have in them the elements of so much good, and the faith that works miracles—would do like the fruit-seller of Marseilles, and become apostles to their country-people, and a joy to the Heart of our Divine Lord!

NAMELESS GRAVES.

A WILDERNESS of humble mounds
They seem a sight the heart to stab,
With bitter thought, that soldiers' lives
Bought not their names the simplest slab;

And in the shadow of such thought,
They seem to speak a bitter tale
Of noble strivings lost and vain—
Sad echo of each life's death-wail.

But ah! with clasp of proudest love,
Close to her broad and tender heart,
Our country folds them, feeling them,
Of her great life, a sacred part.

Majestic life! and they, its pulse,
The unnamed dead that slumber there!
The world hath crowned her Empress. She
With each pale brow the crown doth share.

And though on marble slab or shaft,
Their honored names cannot be graved
In writing that no blot can touch,
Are they from dark oblivion saved?

For on some mourning woman's heart,
Each nameless grave can find its name,
With love and tears so proudly traced,
The world could give them no such fame!

JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE.

THERE is a general air of resemblance between social life in Japan and social life in the Western kingdoms. The Japanese meet to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; they make water parties and drink tea together; they hunt and hawk; they ask riddles, and they play at forfeits; they act charades, and no doubt they sometimes gossip about friends and acquaintances.

But here we come to a point of divergence; and as their prayers are executed by the revolutions of a wheel, and as a fervent spirit stands no chance against a vigorous arm, so we find another anomaly in regard to scandal. It is done by a professor, who makes a business of it; gets up his innuendoes and facts and incidents, and recites them in public at so much an hour. But the strangest part of the thing is, that this professional scandalmonger is a polished gentleman. He is looked up to as a model of politeness and high breeding, and is expected to raise the tone of the society which he enlivens by his anecdotes. In fact, the general air of resemblance fades away when we look into some of the details of the three great events of life, birth, death, and marriage, and find how strangely they are conducted by the inhabitants of the Eastern kingdom.

Take, for example, a marriage. A Japanese "gentleman about to marry" may be influenced in his choice by any or all of the many motives which influence gentlemen in Europe. By way of making known his intentions to the family of the lady whom he has chosen, however, he affixes the branch of a certain shrub to her father's house. If it is accepted, so is the lover; if no notice is taken of it, he withdraws his suit.

If affection has drawn him to the maiden, and she wishes to show that she reciprocates his feelings, she blackens her teeth, and they will remain black for the rest of her life. At a later stage of the proceedings, she will pluck out her eyebrows. We must suppose that the gentlemen appreciate these marks of devotion; but only imagine an Englishwoman slitting her nose or cutting off her ears, in order to gain favor in the eyes of the man she loves?

When the branch is accepted, that terrible routine of ceremonies is commenced, which, in Japan, demand the study of a lifetime to comprehend, and the patience and long-suffering of a martyr to perform. There is a ceremonious appointment of male friends of the bridegroom and female friends of the bride, and a ceremonious meeting between them to arrange the terms of the marriage-contract, and select two auspicious days, one for a ceremonious interview between the affianced pair, and the other for the crowning ceremony, the wedding.

Let not the uninitiated suppose that crowning is synonymous with concluding. It is rather the grand inaugural ceremony, and signifies that from henceforth until the time when the poor worn-out frame is carried to its last home, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, no event of life, important or unimportant, shall be passed over without its appropriate ceremony.

A Japanese lady is not exactly purchased of her father. Still very costly presents are expected for a handsome daughter, and the best the bridegroom can afford in any case. These presents, which are sent to the lady, are at once made over by her to her parents, and are kept by them. They, in return, send some articles of trifling value to the bridegroom. Next comes the ceremony of burning the childish toys of the bride; then that of preparing her trousseau,—

which includes articles of household furniture, all the requisites for the kitchen, a spinning-wheel, and a loom.

Some authors maintain that marriage in Japan is a civil contract only, and is unaccompanied by any religious solemnization. Others say that there is a religious ceremony, and that the marriage must be registered in the temple to which the young couple belong. Prayers and benedictions are there pronounced by the priest, and there is a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, and the bridegroom's from the bride's; after this they are proclaimed to be man and wife.

Now begins the business of the day. The unhappy lady with her black teeth is dressed in white, and when she leaves her father's house she is covered from head to foot in the garment which is to be her shroud. In this plight she is seated in a norimon, or palanquin, and carried forth to parade the greater part of the town, escorted by her family and friends. When she reaches the bridegroom's house, two of her youthful friends accompany her to the state-room. These friends, instead of bridesmaids, are called the male and female butterfly. In this state-room sits the bridegroom in the seat of honor, with his parents and nearest relations; and there are two tables in the apartment very elaborately arranged. On one there is a miniature representation of a fir tree, emblematic of man's strength; of a plum tree in blossom, the emblem of woman's beauty; and of cranes and tortoises for long life and happiness. On the second table stands all the apparatus for drinking saki, the national beer. By this, the bride in her shroud and the attendant butterflies take their place; and here they commence pouring out, presenting, and drinking saki, amidst formalities which Pet-singh says are numerous and minute beyond description or conception. When the drinking bout is over the wedding guests appear, and the evening is spent in eating and drinking saki. In deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, the wedding feast consists of very simple fare.

Three days after this, the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to the lady's family; the bride plucks out her eyebrows, and the wedding forms are over.

It constantly happens that fathers in Japan, worn out by the vexations, burdens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, resign this dignity to the son; either as soon as he is of age to assume the position, or at his marriage. Thenceforward the father with his wife and younger children become dependants on the eldest son.

Infants in Japan, with the exception of one day, are absolutely free; wearing no clothing that can impede the growth and development of body and limb, and being victimized by no ceremonious observances.

The exceptional day is that on which the child receives a name; for a girl the thirtieth, and for a boy the thirty-first day after birth. The baby is carried to the family temple, accompanied by its wardrobe,—by the abundance of which the wealth and dignity of the father are estimated—and by a large procession of friends and servants. Last of all walks a maid-servant carrying a box, which contains money for the priestess and three names on a slip of paper. These names are submitted by the priestess to the god to whom the temple is dedicated; she announces which has been selected, and names the child, which she sprinkles with water.

The new member of society is then carried to several other temples—for religious exclusiveness is unknown in Japan, and the members of different sects deem it an act of courtesy to visit each other's gods and do them reverence. Lastly, it

is carried to the house of the father's nearest kinsman. He gives it a bundle of hemp to spin it a long life, and various charms and relics; to these, if it is a boy, he adds two fans—to represent swords, and if a girl, a shell of paint—typical of beauty. The baby then remains free and unconfined for three years; at the expiration of that time, whether boy or girl, the clothes are confined at its waist by a girdle, and it is taught to pray.

The boy receives a mantle of ceremony at seven years old, and—with appropriate religious observances—a new name. This change of name must be one of the most perplexing of Japanese customs. The boy changes his name again when he is of age; and this third name is in its turn laid by for a fourth when he obtains office—and every Japanese, unless of the very lowest rank, holds some official position. But this is not all; no official subaltern may bear the same name as his chief; so that every new appointment to a post of importance necessitates a change for all those who may happen to be namesakes of the great man.

One of the old missionaries compiled a grammar of the Japanese language, but he declined explaining the mode of handwriting; he said that it had been "invented by the devil to perplex poor missionaries and impede the progress of the Gospel." We may make a similar remark as to this system of changing the name, which extends even to the throne. Can any mechanical contrivance make the study of Japanese history and biography possible?

But to return to the children. It is said that children of both sexes and of all ranks are sent to elementary schools, where they learn reading and writing, and even, in spite of the obvious difficulties, acquire some knowledge of the history of their country. This education is deemed sufficient for the lower orders, and it is said that there is not even a day laborer in Japan who has not received as much as this.

Children of the upper classes leave these schools for others of a higher order, in which they are taught morals and manners; taught all the wonderful science of good breeding in Japan, and the innumerable laws of etiquette applying to every person of all ranks and stations in the empire. Then, too, they must have a thorough knowledge of the almanac, with all its lucky and unlucky days, since it would not only be disastrous but disgracefully vulgar to marry, or take a journey, or do anything of importance on an unlucky day.

In addition to this, boys are taught arithmetic and the whole mystery of the Hari-Kari, or Happy Dispatch. This Happy Dispatch is no other than the art of disembowelling themselves. As it is, to every well-born man, the possible mode of the termination of his existence, it is necessary that he should know not only how to perform the operation gracefully, but with what ceremonies it should be accompanied, and what degree of publicity or privacy the peculiar occasion may require. Above all, he must be thoroughly well grounded in all the occasions, the causes, and the situations in which the Happy Dispatch may be imperative on a gentleman and a man of honor.

Princes and all members of the higher classes ask permission to perform the Happy Dispatch when sentenced to death, and this is generally granted. The criminal, however, does not make away with himself in a quiet manner. On the contrary, he assembles his family and friends, puts on his richest garments, makes a most eloquent speech, and looking blandly around him, throws aside his robe, and makes the slash upwards and then across which terminates his existence.

Two high officers of the court meet on the palace stairs and jostle

each other. One is a hot-tempered, violent fellow, and immediately demands satisfaction for the insult. The other is cool and calm; he offers an ample apology, but declines giving any further satisfaction, as the occurrence has been purely accidental. The violent man will not, however, be appeased, and finding that he cannot provoke the other to a conflict, he suddenly draws up his robes, unsheaths his katana, and slashes himself in the prescribed manner.

The instructions received in youth have taught the survivor that in this case only one course is open to the man of honor; he must, in imitation of his adversary, disembowel himself, which he does on the spot, and so falls dying by the side of the dying man whom he had unintentionally offended.

In the year 1808, an English frigate found an entrance into the harbor of Nagasaki, and detained the Dutch who boarded her, as prisoners, demanding fresh beef as their ransom. The governor of Nagasaki had no alternative; the Dutch were under his protection, and must be released, so the beef was supplied. Nevertheless, his conduct would bring disgrace and ruin on himself and his family. He anticipated this, and partly averted it by disemboweling himself, and his example was followed by several others in his house.

The Happy Dispatch is always performed either publicly—that is, in a solemn assembly of friends; or privately—that is, in the presence of the family circle only. It is performed in public when a man has incurred ill-will, or committed some offence which would be visited by punishment, confiscation, or corruption of blood. But justice is satisfied and the punishment obviated by his self-destruction. On some occasions the Happy Dispatch is perpetrated in a temple, after a splendid entertainment given to relations, friends, and the priests of the temple. When it is performed privately in the family circle, it is because a man dies nay boen, or in secret. Possibly he has held some office, and his death is concealed till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son. Or if deeply in debt, he dies nay boen for the benefit of his creditors, who receive his salary whilst he continues nominally alive.

When the necessity for the nay boen ceases, or when a Japanese dies openly, either by the national Happy Dispatch, or, as a Japanese sometimes dies, in the course of nature, the first sign of mourning is the turning of all doors and screens throughout the house upside down, and all garments inside out.

Leaving now the Hari-Kari, let us turn for a few moments to the last hours of a Japanese, the father or mother of a family, sick of some mortal disorder. When all chance of recovery is at an end, and death seems to be approaching, the garments of the sick person are changed, and clean ones put on; the last wishes are asked for and written down, and the deepest silence is maintained. Men at this time are tended by men, and women by women. When all is over, the relatives come to bewail the dead, and the body is carried to another place, and covered with the robe worn during life, but the skirt is placed over the head, and the sleeves over the feet of the corpse; its head is laid towards the north, with the face turned to the east, and the face is covered with light gauze. Screens are placed round the body to keep away cats, for the Japanese say that if a cat jumps on a corpse, the dead will come to life, and there is a severe law against striking a cat with a broomstick, because, it is said, in that case the body dies again.

The son and heir of the deceased person and his family mourn in white garments; sometimes they tie

up their hair with a hempen cord, and they must neither wash nor eat for three days. If they cannot fast so long, friends may give them a little moist rice.

All matters of business and ceremony are carried on by friends, as the family are supposed to be too much absorbed in sorrow to enter into any of the details and preparations required on this occasion. One friend orders the funeral; another stands at the door of the house, in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence; another superintends the digging of the grave. This is shaped like a well, and situated in the grounds of a temple. If the deceased be married, the grave is made large enough to receive husband and wife; and on the monument bearing the name of the deceased, the name of the survivor will be engraved, to be blackened or else gilt at a future time.

A fourth friend superintends the laying out of the corpse, and, in a few days, the setting of it up. For the corpse, washed and clothed in a white shroud—for a married woman, the dress that she wore at her wedding—is placed in the sitting posture of the country, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, and inclosed in an earthenware vessel of the same shape. Thus it is borne to the grave, in a procession consisting of the family and kindred in mourning garments of pure white, friends in their dress of ceremony, and servants carrying paper lanterns and torches. The ladies of the family and female friends close the procession, each in her own norimon or palanquin, and attended by her female servants. A funeral service is performed by the priests of the temple, and the corpse is interred to a peculiar kind of music, produced by clashing together copper basins. In former times the dead man's house was burnt—now it is merely purified by kindling a great fire before it, and burning odorous oils and spices. Long ago, also, servants were buried alive with their masters; then they were allowed to kill themselves before being buried (in both cases this was expressly stipulated when they were hired); now, effigies are substituted for living men.

For forty-nine days after the funeral, the family of the deceased repair daily to the tomb, where they pray and offer a peculiar kind of cake, as many in number as days have elapsed since the funeral. During this time the men allow their heads and beards to remain uncared for; but on the fiftieth day they are shaven and trimmed, all signs of mourning are laid aside, and both men and women resume their ordinary occupations. For half a century, however, the children and grandchildren of the deceased will continue to visit and make offerings at the tomb.

"Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest bird a season finds to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall."

LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

In deepest nook of forest glade,
Soft as a velvet carpet laid
  Springs the green, tender moss;
It seemeth little to the sight,
But in its form a wondrous might
  Of leaf and foliage grows.

The forest green, the roses red,
The lowly moss beheld and said,
  "Heaven gave me not such bloom,
For many footsteps pass me near,
And not one eye beholds me here,
  All seek the light of noon."

When lo! in evening's purple gleam,
The Saviour thro' the forest came,
  With worn and pallid brow,
Yet farther stretched His footsore way,
And now he felt the soft moss lay
  His weary feet below.

He had but from the desert come
Parched by the burning sand and sun;
  Now the cool moss He pressed,
"My Father's Hand," the Saviour said,
"Such wondrous love in thee displayed
  In mighty tenderness.

"How blind and dull the eye must be
That in thy meanness cannot see
  Thy Maker's power great.
Thou lowly herb, so little prized,
Yet by My Father not despised,
  Oh, meekly bear thy fate!"

Hardly the words had Jesus said,
There sprung up from the mossy bed,
  A lovely little rose.
Moss-rose 'twas named; and from that hour,
In every land its beauteous flower,
  The type of meekness shows.

It soothed the Saviour's earthly woe,
It softly kissed His feet—and lo!
  Received so great a boon!
Thou too, my heart, tho' crushed with pain,
Still faithful like the moss remain,—
  Thy rose will blossom soon!

A MEETING ON THE ALPS.

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS.

I WAS once sitting in front of the stove in a Swiss hotel, drying my feet, which were soaked with snow, while the other travellers in the room, whose talk had been momentarily broken up by my coming in, resettled themselves into their restful attitudes, and began their talk again where they had left off.

I soon felt the gentle warmth filling all my veins. My eyes, dazzled with the glare of the glaciers, were refreshed by the half-light of the room, and my breathing, affected by the rarefied air of the snow peaks, became gradually easier. Delightfully comfortable, I drew still nearer to the hot air-holes, stretched myself more lazily in my rush-bottomed armchair, and began to look about me. Ten or a dozen travellers were in the room, which was in the hotel at Cicogne. They were mostly Germans, as might be discerned by their solemn and philosophical manner of smoking. They did not drink in the fragrant smoke in long draughts, but in little sips and ruminatively, like oxen chewing the cud of the luxuriant herbage. There was only one who smoked with that true French impatience which takes even pleasure with a rush, and him I recognized at once as an Alsatian, whom I had already frequently met in my travels. We exchanged, therefore, greetings as of old acquaintanceship, though till now we had never yet spoken.

"I had the pleasure of seeing you, sir, at Lausanne?"

"And at Chamouni."

"Exactly; so it was."

He bowed, and the conversation ended there. The Alsatian began to speak German to the traveller next him, and I heard him talking about canvas and colza oil. In a few minutes he turned towards one corner of the room, and said, in a somewhat raised voice—"Professor, you know our agreement? you owe me a story."

I looked towards the person thus addressed, and saw a man of middle age, whom I had not remarked before. Near him sat a lady, whom I felt sure was his wife, by those subtle likenesses of manner, gesture, or trick of habit which are only brought about by very intimate union and constant intercourse.

On being thus addressed, the professor shut up the book he was reading, and said—"It is quite true. When we met at Geneva, and I was relating the story of 'the Gulf Stream' to a few friends, I promised you that if ever we met again, I would tell you another tale. I will fulfil that promise now."

The Germans seemed delighted on hearing this. They all refilled their pipes, settled themselves more cosily on their chairs, and the professor began "The Legend of Brother Alfus."

Long before the time of Luther a multitude of convents were seen perched upon our German hilltops. They were for the most part vast buildings, of peaceful aspect, with slender bell-towers springing above the woods, about which a crowd of doves were incessantly flying. In these dwellings the faults which want of knowledge and idleness engender were no doubt often to be found; but many times also there dwelt in them holy men, who were insensible to all earthly pleasures, and whose thoughts were fixed upon the inheritance of Christ. At Olmütz especially, there was a monk whose fame as a good and learned man was widespread, and, like all men who are really full of knowledge, his mind

was exceedingly simple; for knowledge is like traversing the sea, and as the vast horizon expands round us, we feel our own littleness so much the more. Brother Alfus had experienced, however, his dark times of doubting, but after furrowing his brow and whitening his hair by dint of pursuing the subtlest and most fruitless investigations, he had called to his aid his childlike faith, and trusting himself to prayer as to an anchor, he subsided, so to speak, into the trough of the waves, resting in love, in heavenly visions, and in a calm hope. Yet still at times the ship of his soul was rudely buffeted by a storm of temptations. The cravings of the intellect reawoke in their full force, and human reason proudly questioned his Divine faith. Then did Brother Alfus grow sad, for heavy clouds darkened his interior light, his heart grew cold, and he no longer felt able to pray. Wandering at such times through the pine-woods, he would sit down upon the moss-grown rocks or listen to the roar of the torrent. But in vain did he question inanimate nature, for to all his demands, the running streams, the rustling leaves, and the lasting hills had but one reply—"GOD."

Brother Alfus had come out victorious from many such battles, and each one of these victories had strengthened his faith; for temptation is the gymnastic school of the conscience, and, if it is not vanquished, it comes forth strengthened and refreshed.

But now a sharper grief than usual had tortured Brother Alfus for some time. He had long pondered upon the truth that all beautiful things lose their charm by use; that the eye grows accustomed to the most lovely scene, the ear to the sweetest music, the heart to the fondest love; and he began to question within himself how, even in heaven, there can be food for eternal joy. How will the changing moods of the soul not pall amid everlasting splendor? How is it possible for unchanging happiness not to produce weariness in the enjoyer? Eternity! It is a terrible word for a being whose sole law is variety and change. What joy or pleasure is there that a man could wish to last forever? To blot out both past and future; both memory and hope! Eternity! It is a word too stern, too dread for us on earth; what will it be for the dwellers in heaven?

Thus reasoned Brother Alfus, and every day his doubting mood grew in strength. One morning he left the convent long before the Brothers were awake, and went down into the valley. The whole country, steeped in dew, awoke to the sunshine of the dawn, and a poet might have imagined that it was like a girl smiling through her tears. The Brother wandered slowly along the shady paths of the hillside, where the birds, just awake, fluttered in the hawthorns, shaking showers of dew upon his shaven head, while a number of butterflies, still half asleep, flitted here and there in the sunshine drying their wings. Brother Alfus looked abroad over the country, recalling how beautiful he had thought it the first time he saw it, and with what delight he had looked forward to ending his days in such a scene. To him, born in a town, accustomed to narrow, gloomy streets and the sad walls of fortifications, the flowers, the trees, the very air, with its sweet breath, intoxicated him with their newness. The year of noviceship had been a delightful year indeed to him. He had taken long walks in the valleys, and had found out the most enchanting bits of landscape. Brooks singing among the beds of tall gladiolus, glades thronged with nightingales, thickets of wild roses and carpets of wood strawberries—these and a thousand other delights were seen and enjoyed for the first time. It was a glad thing to walk through the hidden pathways, and to find out continually some spring as yet not

tasted, some bed of moss untrodden by the foot of man. But these pleasures were not long-lived. Before much time had elapsed every path through the forest would be explored, the note of every bird would become familiar, every wild flower would be gathered, and then good-by to the pleasure of being in the midst of such scenes. Custom, which seems to enwrap like a veil the actual beauty of creation, makes us both deaf and blind to the reality, and, alas! Brother Alfus had reached this extremity. Like men who have made free use of intoxicating liquors, and cease to feel their effects, he looked with indifference upon the objects formerly so fair to his eyes. How, then, could any kind of eternal beauty fill a soul which all God's works upon earth could only excite to so brief a delight? Thus communing with himself, Brother Alfus wandered on into the depths of the valley. With bowed head, and hands listlessly hanging down, he walked through the woods without seeing anything about him, through dewy glades, across brooks, and over heights. The slender spire of the convent had almost disappeared from view, Olmütz with its towers and fortifications was wrapt in the misty distance, and even the mountains showed upon the horizon only as faint blue clouds. Suddenly the monk stopped, for he had come to the outskirts of a large forest, which seemed boundless to the eye. He heard the melodious hum of insects and the fragrant breeze sighing among the trees. After glancing into the tender gloom of this forest, Alfus hesitatingly entered it, but as if he was on forbidden ground. As he went on the woodland seemed to grow more solemn and vast, the flowers to become sweeter, exhaling a more delicious fragrance. But, unlike the perfumes of earth, this fragrance seemed to penetrate the soul and nerve it with fresh vigor. It was to him as the bracing energy of some good action, or the approach of a friend for whom one feels reverence as well as love.

And soon to this was added a harmony which seemed to fill the whole forest. As he went on, Alfus saw long glades filled with light; and what struck him with greater amazement was to find that the perfume, the light, and the music were one and the same; communicating themselves to him by one perception, as if he had ceased to feel through different senses, and discerned simply with his one soul.

Having now reached the nearest glade and sat down the better to enjoy its marvels, he began to awaken to a kind of voice so soft and impalpable that even the ripple of the lake, the rustle of the breeze, or the breathing of a sleeping child is not so low and noiseless. The murmuring sound of waters, the sweetness of all finest music, seemed to be mingled in that ethereal voice. It was not a song, yet it flowed with melody; it was not articulate language, and yet it spoke; and knowledge, wisdom, and poetry were conveyed to the mind by its sounds. Like heavenly inspiration, it raised the soul, and seemed to float it upward to a loftier sphere. Listening to that voice, one seemed to discern and enter into all knowledge; and as the world of thought is infinite in its secrets, this voice was infinitely various; it could have been heard for ages, and yet have seemed fresh and new. The longer Alfus listened to it, the deeper grew his joy. Every moment he seemed to hear fresh mysteries unfold, as if the clouds had suddenly lifted on an Alpine height, and at one glimpse unveiled the full glory of lakes and glaciers and mountain peaks below.

Suddenly, the soft radiance illuminating the forest was darkened; one long-drawn melodious echo sounded through the trees, and the wondrous voice was lost in silence. Alfus remained motionless, stupefied, as if he had awaked from an enchanted sleep. He looked round him with

surprise, and when he got up to retrace his steps to the convent, he found that his joints were stiff, and that his limbs had lost their vigor. He retraced with difficulty the pathway by which he had come, and was soon out of the wood. But when he had found the road to the convent, he hastened his steps, for, to his surprise, the day was closing in; and still more was he astonished to find that, as he went on, the whole country about him looked changed. The young saplings which he had passed in the morning were now rugged and hoary oaks. Instead of the little wooden bridge covered with ivy which he had crossed a few hours since, a solid arch of stone bridged the stream. Passing by a pond, the women who were drying their linen upon the elder trees stopped their work to gaze at him, and said one to another, "Look at that old man going along in the habit of the Olmütz Brothers. We know all the monks, but we have never seen him."

"Those women are senseless," said Alfus to himself as he went on. Still he felt a little uneasy, and was glad when the convent spire came in sight through the trees. He hastened on up the narrow, steep path, and went straight to the convent door. But how was he astounded to find that that door was no longer in its usual place. He looked up, and stood rooted to the ground with amazement. Not only the door, but the convent was altogether changed; the inclosure was enlarged, the buildings increased, and a young plane tree which he himself planted near the chapel a few days before, now covered the whole sanctuary with its spreading branches and broad leaves.

The monk, as if in a dream, stood before the new doorway, and rang a gentle peal at the bell. Its silvery well-known sound was no longer the same. A young brother-guardian opened the door.

"What can have happened?" said Brother Alfus. "Is Anthony no longer porter?"

"I know no Brother Anthony," answered the guardian.

Alfus covered his face with his hands. "Have I lost my senses?" he said in a fright. "Is not this the Olmütz Convent, which I left this very morning?"

"I have been porter here for five years," replied the guardian, "and I certainly do not know your face."

Alfus looked about him wildly, and then, seeing several monks going along the cloister, he called to them, but none of them answered to the names he mentioned. He then went quickly towards them and looked in their faces, but they were every one unknown.

"Is this some great miracle from God?" he exclaimed. "In his name, Brothers, I implore you to look at me. Did none of you ever see me before? Is there not one of you who recognizes Brother Alfus?"

They all looked at him amazed.

"Alfus!" repeated the elder among the monks, after a pause. "Yes, there was once at Olmütz a brother of that name. I have heard our older Fathers speak of him. He was a man of learning, and much given to abstraction and solitude. One day he left the convent, and was seen to wander away through the woods. For a very long time the Brothers looked for his return, but he never came, and no one ever knew what became of him after. But that happened about a hundred years ago."

At these words Alfus uttered a kind of cry, for now the whole mystery was explained. He knelt down on the ground, and joining his hands, uttered with exceeding fervor these words: "O my God, thou hast willed that I should well understand my folly in comparing the joys of this world with those of eternal life. While listening to thy voice a hundred years have passed away as one day; and now I begin to understand

the joy of heaven and the Blessed therein. Be thou forever blessed and praised, O God! and vouchsafe to pardon thy poor servant all his exceeding folly."

So saying, Brother Alfus stretched out his arms, bowed himself and kissed the ground, and in the humble act rendered up his soul to God.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

It was evening when I arrived at Lourdes, and evening is the time best loved by the pilgrims for honoring their dear "Mother." I was tired after my long journey, and a hard bed the previous night. A comfortable one was ready for me at my hotel; and after suitable refreshment, I was consoling myself with the thoughts of a sweet night's rest, when my ear caught the words, "La procession des Flambeaux!" My sleepiness vanished. I must join the procession; but how? Here I am a perfect stranger, how can I intrude on the company of others? A moment's reflection and I am decided, and walking up to a priest who had a party of ladies under his care, I asked his permission to join them. Always polite as the French are, my request was granted after making sure of my being a Catholic; so off we started, each one bearing a long wax candle. In the great market-place we halted, and were joined by numerous other pilgrims till the square held several hundreds; here we were marshalled in procession, the priests first, then the laymen, and lastly the women; and so lighting our candles one from the other, till the market-place was a blaze of light, we began our march to the grotto, distant a full quarter of a mile from the town.

The whole distance between the town and grotto is occupied by little wooden sheds on each side of the road, where numerous objects of piety are exposed for sale; it is wonderful to see the great number of rosaries which hang there, and doubtless the traffic is immense, for not one of the many thousands who enter Lourdes would fail to procure some souvenir of so favored a spot.

We had reached the church, which was standing high above our heads, and I was beginning to wonder when we should reach the grotto, when a sudden turn in the road, and I saw before me the lovely statue of Our Lady, as it were gazing down on us from her niche in the rock. Soon the small space between the grotto and the river Gave was one dense mass of pilgrims and candles, and now a service commenced of prayers, hymns, and the rosary, after which the procession was again formed in order to ascend to the church. This is a most effective sight, as the ascent being so steep the road has been cut in a zigzag, making four or five separate terraces, and up this wound slowly the long procession of flambeaux lighting up the still night, and seemed to emulate the stars overhead.

On reaching the summit we did not enter the church, except to pass through it by a passage in the crypt; from whence emerging we descended on the opposite side, and so returned to the town, candles still lighted, and chanting the same hymns as before. By the bye, the singing of the peasantry in these southern provinces of France is exceedingly good; and so it should be when we remember that many of them are Provencal, the land of poetry and

song. So ended my first pilgrimage, *par excellence*. As I made a long stay at Lourdes I had many opportunities of witnessing other pilgrimages, but this was the only one in which I was a pilgrim myself. Perhaps as a spectator I had many opportunities of observing more than I could when my mind was occupied with my own devotions, and the emotions consequent on a first visit.

On an average there are four or five pilgrimages every week, chiefly in the early part of it, so leaving the end, and especially Sunday, free for the natives and residents of Lourdes. This is necessary, for otherwise there would be no getting near either the grotto or the fountain. The space between the cave and the grotto is so small, and all the pilgrims are so anxious to get close up, that the pressure and squeezing is dreadful; and although a French crowd is always more civil than an English one, yet they, too, are very unmanageable where anything sacred is concerned.

Unfortunately the baths and the fountain are close together, which makes the crush doubly bad at that one point; fresh baths are on the point of erection about a dozen yards further off, and the effects of that will be an immense benefit to every one.

One of the best points from which to watch a procession is from the Pau road, on the other side of the Gave; you then stand right in front of the grotto, with a good view of "Our Lady," with the church above. The Gave meanders along the valley, which is rich in green meadows and fine timber, making a great contrast to the barren hills around, which are covered with stone quarries, and present that rounded, smooth appearance peculiar to limestone formations. In the background, the Pyrenees raise their snowy heads, so refreshing to look at.

It is extremely interesting to observe the different head-dresses among the peasant-women. As each province is peculiar to itself it renders the variety infinite. To begin with Lourdes itself, they wear the capulet, such as Bernedette had on her head at the moment of the first apparition; they are of blue, red, or white cashmere; but they have a longer cloak, which they put over their heads on Sunday. I do not know if it is only a variety of capulet, or bears any other name, but as it is always black, lined with red, it gives a most funereal aspect to the congregation of a church. I never saw it worn except on state occasions, and a stranger coming into the church for the first time would certainly think he had got among a community of nuns; but notwithstanding this it is infinitely more agreeable and pretty than the amount of dirty, tawdry finery prevalent among the same class in England. One never sees at Lourdes the white caps, which are worn with such an endless variety of pattern in all other parts of France; we must wait for a pilgrimage day for these.

The Lourdes women wear a handkerchief of various colors tied round the top and back of the head, so that the hair, except over the forehead, is never seen; this style of head-dress seems scarcely appropriate to such a hot climate, as it does not afford an atom of shade to the face and eyes; how much wiser seems to be the broad straw hat of the Provencals—I never saw such immense hats! Then I observed many different kinds of white cap, some most elegant, all bright and clean, with beautiful lace about them; some so elaborate that it would puzzle any one to guess how they are constructed; one good woman had elevated hers a quarter of a yard above her head; another one, going in for width, had given her head the appearance of having wings.

Among the men there is but little variety, except that about Lourdes they wear a blue cap, not differing

very much from a Highland Glengary, and a short blouse, which is not unlike in effect to the Spanish cloak. There is much here like the Spanish; the language is so like that all resemblance to French has totally disappeared. Some of the physiognomies are essentially Spanish; whilst some, again, remind you of the English type, perhaps, because the English did once possess all this part, Edward the Black Prince holding his court in Lourdes fort: a formidable-looking place it is, for even though modern artillery would, in a short time, smash the walls to atoms, there would still remain the ascent to be made of a precipitous side, too high for any ladders, and without so much as a foothold.

Talking of the difference of language, an amusing thing happened to me. As all the pilgrims speak their own *patois*, and the curiosity of the peasants is excessive, and only to be satisfied by innumerable questions, my bad French passed among them for another *patois*, and I was asked my country, by which they mean, simply, from what province of France do I come—their ideas not ranging so far off as to Albion. "Angleterre," I answered, and repeated it three times before my puzzled interrogator could make out the strange country. At last, a light seeming to dawn upon her, she said, "*Pomme de terre?*" I now always say I am from Paris.

But it is time now to speak of some of the cures which are constantly taking place. I have never myself witnessed one, as my misfortune always was to come on the spot immediately after the wonderful events had taken place. Such was the case in the following instance of Marie Lascombe, of Cadonia, near to Perigueux, in the department of Dordogne, who was miraculously cured on Monday, July 28th, 1873.

She had been suffering for three years from a tumor on the upper part of the foot, and so much so that for the course of a whole year she was unable to rise from her bed; she then tried one doctor after another, but to no avail; one applied fire to the affected part, another made a great incision, which would not heal again, but as she had Lourdes water at her home she applied that, and shortly the wound was completely healed; but the pain remained, and the pain continued excessive. She resolved to come to Lourdes; her prayers were heard, for immediately after washing her foot the pain ceased, and throwing away her crutch she walked to and fro with comparative ease; I say comparative, for I observed she halted, putting her foot gingerly, as one who has become used to pain in one particular part, and fears its return; I saw her return twice to the bath-house to wash it, and each time she came out walking with greater ease; the crutch remained inside the grotto rails, to join the hundreds of other crutches which hang there, so many testimonies of the goodness of God, and the tender love of his dear Mother to poor suffering humanity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the centennial anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on August 6th; wherever the Irish race is scattered, was a most remarkable political leader and statesman, and a true king of men. The names of Daniel O'Connell and Ireland are so intimately associated that he has rendered her rights and his fame equally imperishable.

The eloquent voices of a Lacordaire, a Wendell Phillips, a Father Burke, have sounded his praises, and the pen of a Montalembert and a Dupanloup have been employed in the delineation of his life, his services, and his character. The oral and written tributes of such men have left nothing for lesser lights to write or say that has not already been better expressed. Daniel O'Connell not only freed the English and Irish Catholics from those penal laws which had so long degraded and impoverished them, but as the great apostle of moral force agitation, he has rendered the cause of constitutional liberty and rational freedom a service the value of which every day more clearly reveals.

The centennial anniversary was celebrated for three days in Dublin, where the dignitaries of the Church and the magnates of the land assisted to do honor to one who had freed both from religious and civil thraldom. 100,000 persons paraded, and the proceedings passed off in a very orderly manner, considering the exciting circumstances of the occasion. The Lord Mayor of Dublin had made an unpopular selection of the orator of the day, and the Home Rule party felt slighted by Mr. Butt being ignored. Monsignor Felix Antoine Philippe Dupanloup, the noble Archbishop of Orleans, whose eloquence, learning, zeal, ability, courage, and other heroic qualities have made him the terror of French infidels and the glory of the Church, was invited, but was unable to be present. Prince Edward Radziwill, a great Polish noble, bore the congratulations of the land of Sobieski to the land of O'Connell. Dr. Lingeus, a member of the Catholic "Party of the Centre" in the German House of Commons, and representative of the Catholic city of Aix-la-Chapelle, visited Dublin, and was enabled, on his return to Germany, to tell the Catholic people of that country how an even more hideous and persistent persecution than that which they are suffering was successfully borne and conquered by the Irish Catholics. On Thursday, at 3 o'clock, the grand oratorio of "Elijah" was performed, and on the evening of the same day there was a grand miscellaneous concert of Irish music, at which Denis Florence McCarthy's Ode was recited. There was a grand solemn High Mass in the morning, when the newly appointed Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, delivered the discourse.

On Friday there was a grand procession starting from Stephen's Green, and passing through the heart of the city on the northern and southern sides, and sufficiently long to accommodate a procession estimated to include from 90,000 to 100,000 men. The several buildings associated with O'Connell's name were marked by a flag. A grand National Centenary banquet in the Exhibition Palace was also given on Friday.

In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, Dr. De Glynn, Wendell Phillips, and Rev. P. Byrne were the orators of the day, and in Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Savannah, Cleveland, St. Paul, and many other places, as well as in Canada, and even in England and Scotland, the Irish people remembered the Liberator, and strove to do honor to his memory.

But in no place was the occasion so fitly and grandly observed as in Dublin, the capital of Ireland, and the place the most intimately associated with O'Connell's indefatigable, persevering, and long-continued labors in the cause of Civil Liberty, Religious Freedom, and Irish Nationality and Progress.

BELGIUM has a Catholic University at Louvain; France is to have one established at Angers. Ireland has a fine Catholic University in Dublin, and even the English Catholics, few in number as they are, have established one at Kensington. But we in America have no grand National Catholic University; many excellent Colleges, some of national reputation for thoroughness, but no well-endowed and completely equipped national institution. The age is intellectually active, intelligence is widespread, and knowledge is increasing, but are Catholics leading the van of true progress? Our churches, it is true, are multiplying, and our numerical strength is increasing, but are we obtaining any hold, or making any impression, on the intelligence of the country? While in England the claims of the Catholic Church are daily and hourly debated, while the *Saturday Review*, the Quarterlies, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Spectator*, and the Monthlies, are constantly containing articles on the Catholic Church, and careful and thoughtful examinations of its claims as the Divine Teacher of faith and morals, and the true

guide of the world, here in America we do not find this to be the case. Any and every subject is treated of, by the American Monthlies, Weeklies, and Quarterlies, except the Catholic religion. If this is an indication of the public feeling, and surely these organs of intelligence should know their readers' requirements, then the American people feel little or no interest in the claims of the Church! This is surely a very strange state of affairs, and one that reflects on the intelligence of Catholics, and appears to indicate that we do not put forward the Church's claims with either zeal or intelligence, otherwise the American intellect would certainly, at the very least, examine and discuss them.

The existence of a great Catholic University, employing and drawing out all the best Catholic talent, would certainly do much to put us in a better light before the people.

As matters now stand, we make no intellectual impression on the American mind. Not even one State has admitted the justice of our demand for a Catholic education for Catholic children.

On the morning of the 13th of July, the newspapers in all parts of the country printed a lengthy and very sensational account of a terrible riot that was said to have taken place in Lawrence on the day previous, between the Orangemen and Irish Catholics of that place. It was alleged that an Orange procession passing through the streets of Lawrence were insulted, jeered at, and finally attacked by a party of Irish Catholics on the sidewalks, who continued the attack until the men in the procession were obliged, in self-defence, to use their firearms. It was said that several men were killed, and a great number seriously injured, and that the excitement in the place resulting from the disturbance was intense. Of course, the whole responsibility for the riot was charged to the Catholics, and in consequence thereof much indignation was expressed on all sides against the Catholics of Lawrence for their unprovoked attack and lawlesss conduct on the occasion. Now we have taken the trouble to investigate this matter, and, as we expected, the whole affair turns out to have been simply a "tempest in a teapot."

In the first place, there was no procession in Lawrence on the day in question; second, there was no riot, unless a street-fight between four Orangemen on the one side, and a few little boys on the other, in which no one was killed, and only three persons slightly hurt, may be so termed; and, third, so far from there being any intense excitement in the town growing out of the disturbance, fully three-fourths of the people of Lawrence were ignorant of the fact that a "terrible riot" had occurred in their midst until they read of it the next morning.

The Catholic clergymen of Lawrence and a number of the most prominent Catholic citizens have issued a card repelling the charge that the Catholics were responsible for the trouble; and the mayor of the city, in a proclamation, and *The American*, a daily paper published at Lawrence, unite in testifying to the peaceable, law-abiding character of the citizens of Lawrence irrespective of religious differences, and strongly deprecate the misrepresentations and unjust aspersions upon the Catholic people of Lawrence growing out of the trouble.

The real responsibility for the so-called "riot" must rest on the shoulders of the enterprising agent of the Associated Press at Lawrence, who, in his zeal for furnishing a "fresh sensation," telegraphed the exaggerated report all over the country.

This incident only serves as another example of the sensational character of many reports concerning Catholics and their doings, which are often published and telegraphed. They must be taken *cum grano salis*, or rather, with a great many "grains of salt!"

France has lost, in Monsignor Plantier, Bishop of Nismes, who died a few weeks ago, one of her most eminent prelates. His name has long been a household word amongst the Catholics of France. In 1859 and 1860, he was one of the first of the Catholic prelates who denounced in spirited Pastorals the sacrilegious doings of Cavour and his henchmen, which were to end on the one hand in the destruction of the temporal power of the Holy See, and on the other in the temporary effacement of France as a great European power.

It will be remembered that the first step towards the disintegration of the Pontifical States was the insurrection at Bologna, fomented and called forth by Colonel Ciprioni, one of Cavour's secret agents, immediately after the departure of the Austrian troops, caused by the war of 1859.

Louis Napoleon secretly connived at it. When urged by the Catholic sentiment of France to suppress it, he assumed a position of passivity, and declared that he "washed his hands of it."

It was on this ground that the whole French Episcopate entered the lists in favor of the Holy See, and Monsignor Plantier more especially issued his famous protest, in which he compared Victor Emanuel to Caiphas, and Napoleon to Pilate, and declared that France had no right, as a Catholic country, to "stand by and see it done." It was the most outspoken of eighty pastorals which were issued on this occasion, and being referred by the French government to

the Council of State, the Council assumed to declare it "null and void."

This, however, did not prevent the voice of Monsignor Plantier from being reverberated throughout the Catholic world, nor his prophecies from being verified in the end. The distinguished Bishop, who has just been called away, lived long enough to witness the final consummation of the iniquity of 1859, and to see the man he designated as Pilate, like the original Pilate, dying an exile in a foreign land from an agonizing disease. Monsignor Plantier will long be remembered as one of the brightest lights of Catholicity in this age.

In the city of Nancy, the capital of ancient Lorraine, France, a Congress of savants has been sitting, whose sole object was the investigation of all the theories relative to the early discovery of America; and, in fact, to examine thoroughly the whole subject of American antiquities. The alleged discovery of America by the Phœnicians, by the Buddhist monks of Semwend, and by the Chinese, as well as the voyages of the Norsemen, and the early civilization of the Mexicans, Aztecs, and Peruvians, were all brought under the keen analysis of the learned men from both Europe and our own continent; and the several theories propounded were earnestly discussed.

Right Rev. Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, wrote a letter to the Congress complimenting them on their efforts. Among the members was the Abbe Petitot, of Canada, who had lived long among the Esquimaux, and who traced many points of resemblance between the Indians on both sides of Behring's Straits. This devout and learned priest has compiled a dictionary of the Esquimaux dialects, which will soon be published. Large numbers of the clergy of Nancy and the neighborhood have attended the meettings of the Congress.

The following gentlemen from the United States are members of the Congress, but only a few attended the sittings: Hubert H. Bancroft, Charles B. Brigham, and Charles W. Brooks, of San Francisco; Maurice Blum, of St. Louis; Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; Francis Packman and Robert Winthrop, of Boston; General Meredith Read, Minister at Athens; Edward B. Salisbury, Secretary of the American Oriental Society; E. G. Squiers, of New York; W. D. Whitney, of New Haven; President Trumbull, of the American Philological Society; and Professor Haynes, of Boston.

The Congress lasted from the 19th to the 22d July inclusive.

This summer has certainly been an exceptional one in the old world for the frequency and violence of the storms which have visited it. Hungary, Switzerland, and France, each have suffered from tempests and floods of extraordinary destructiveness; and now intelligence reaches us of a second visitation of Hungary and Switzerland by these unwelcome guests. That which desolated a portion of Switzerland was almost unparelleled in violence and in its strange atmospheric phenomena, and in the ruin which it, in a few moments of time, produced. It lasted but ten minutes; but in that short space of time it deluged the city of Geneva, which was about the centre of the area in which the storm spent its strength, as it were with a flood of ice. Some of the hailstones were longer than hens' eggs. We regret to learn that Domenichino's famous picture, "The Triumph of David," was greatly damaged by the hail, which, smashing in the windows of the "Musee Rath," broke through the heavy canvas on which the picture was painted.

With the sad catastrophes of the valley of the Garonne, in France, the readers of the Record, doubtless, are already familiar from the details published in the daily newspapers. Unfortunately, too, floods, only less destructive than that of the Garonne, have inundated other portions of the French territory. The results have been great loss of life and of property, and an almost total destruction of the crops.

Meanwhile intellgence reaches us through the daily papers of floods and tempests in England, in Scotland, in the Shetland Islands, and off the coast of Ireland.

The prejudice against the Chinese, we observe, is dying out in San Francisco; and, as a natural consequence, the immigration is increasing. Since 1862, one hundred and thirteen thousand have arrived at San Francisco. The almond-eyed foreigners are beginning to be seen in New England, Pennsylvania, and other places. The Chinese possess most of the vices of a pagan population, but they are industrious and orderly, ingenious and persevering. Should they be allowed to grovel in Paganism and idolatry, or rather, should not efforts be made to raise them in the scale of virtue, religion, and good order? Are Catholics doing *their* duty with regard to this people? We know that in China there are hundreds of thousands of Chinese Catholics, there are Chinese priests and nuns, and there have been more martyrs in China, in proportion to the number of Catholics, than in almost any country.

Here, in America, few if any efforts have been made to catholicize the Chinese. The Presbyterians and Methodists are trying their best to induce them to join those sects, but

their success is small. The field is open to Catholics, and there is far more probability of success. The Chinese would make excellent docile Catholics, and, as it is certain that a few years will see them scattered all over the United States, no time should be lost.

MR. GLADSTONE has lately published a pamphlet on the troubles in the English Church, entitled *Is the Church of England worth Preserving? Punch's* answer is *No!* if the Ritualists are not expelled. And *Punch* reflects the sentiments of a great many thousands.

Mr. Gladstone says it is worth preserving as an establishment, and then the only way to secure its safety is to allow every party in it to do what they please. If a Ritualist turns to the east when he celebrates the Communion, it does not necessarily imply that he believes in the real presence; for Catholic priests, who admittedly do believe in it, do not invariably face the east at Mass! And the ex-premier argues further that, when an Anglican ritualist puts on a chasuble or an alb, it has no significance, for Catholic priests in Liberia, and in times of persecution, celebrate Mass without vestments, and sometimes use pewter vessels! And yet all the time the ritualist clergy are declaring that, by turning their backs to the people and wearing chasubles, they *do* mean to symbolize the Real Presence!

Can any reasoning be more absurd than Mr. Gladstone's? And yet he is a great English statesman, and well known as a Protestant theologian.

EVEN Piedmont, the home of the miserable robber-king, Victor Emanuel, who commits sacrilege at one moment, and trembles at his crime the next, is thus described by an angry anti-Catholic correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette:* "Piedmont, once so liberal, is now almost entirely in the hands of the clerical party. In Turin itself," he adds, "nothing is to be seen but long processions, who go bareheaded from one church to another, with prayer-books and rosaries in their hands, muttering aves and paternosters."

Their cry, "From the snares of the devil, good Lord, deliver us," and their fervent devotion, in which not only the simple people and the masses, but as this correspondent complains, "noble ladies and men of the higher classes and even professors of the universities" take part, "is chiefly a reaction against the doctrines of certain schools which deny the existence of the soul, of conscience, and of God himself." They perceive that in Italy, as in Spain, in Germany, in Switzerland, as in Brazil and Mexico, Liberalism is only an infernal compact between unbelief and tyranny, by the terms of which the impious consent to forfeit their own liberty on condition that Cæsar will help them to destroy the liberty of Christians.

A RECENT discovery at Pompeii is reported, which may throw additional light upon the manner of conducting financial transactions in ancient times. It consists of a number of wooden tablets with writing upon them. The backs of the tablets are smooth, and unwritten upon. Their faces, upon which the writing is found, are surrounded with a kind of frame or border. Some of them are separate, and others are tied together with twine, book-shape, in bundles of three and four. On the tablets, which are thus bound together, the writing is in ink; but on those which are separate, which had been covered with wax, the characters are engraved, and are still legible, though the wax has disappeared; the sharp point of the stylus having cut into the wood beneath. The separate tablets contain receipts for payments of money, and bear the consular date, name of the days and months, and the amounts paid. On the outside edge of the centre tablet of those bound up in book form, is a written index of the names contained in the volume. These tablets are evidently accounts, and from the way in which they were kept, there can be no doubt but that the place where they were found was the site of a Roman banker's house.

THE support given in France to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul may well cause American Catholics to blush at their comparative indifference and want of charity. From some statements, which recently came under our notice, we learn that Paris alone counts one hundred and twenty-six conferences, in which there are nineteen workingmen's circles, and twelve of children. The number of members of the Society in Paris is about three thousand, who donate five hundred thousand francs a year to five thousand destitute families. For the whole of France the receipts of the Society are two million two hundred thousand francs, and for all Europe four million seven hundred thousand francs.

Another good work the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are engaged in, is the providing of popular libraries of good books. In one conference seventy thousand volumes were loaned in one year. In three months of this year, the Society procured, through the visits of its members to the poor, the administration of the Blessed Sacrament to seven hundred and forty-three dying persons, who had no one else to provide this last assistance for them.

THE general election for the Diet of Ba-

varia, which has just been held, results in a victory for the opponents of centralization and absolutism. According to the latest intelligence received seventy-nine "Ultramontanes" (Catholics) were elected, and seventy-six Liberals. As the most strenuous efforts were made by the Imperial government through threats, persuasions, bribes, and political *gerrymandering* to prevent a fair expression at the polls of the sentiments of the people of Bavaria, this result is most significant and encouraging.

Bavaria is the most powerful of all the German States (Prussia excepted), and its Diet is the most independent and influential of all the State parliaments of non-Prussian Germany. Its action, therefore, carries with it great moral weight and force.

This election is only another indication of the reaction which is beginning to set in in Germany against Bismarck, and the policy of which he is the representative and advocate.

BISHOP O'REILLY, of Liverpool, England, appears to be a prelate of great strictness. At a late synod of his diocese, it was decided "that Gregorian music alone is to be used in Catholic churches (no more murdered masses to distress the souls of Handel, Haydn, or Mozart); that the services of female choristers are to be dispensed with (no more disputes to settle between the leading soprano who was overshadowed, and the leading alto who was treated partially); and all theatrical and sensational music to be excluded from the church service. It was also decided that in future no advertisements respecting the services of the church were to be issued; and the priests were strictly forbidden to participate in any way in the management of bazaars, or excursions of young men's societies, and kindred associations" (no more money to be raised in this way, but *how* it is to be raised is not stated).

MONSIGNOR RONCETTI, Apostolic Ablegate, after fulfilling the commissions intrusted to him by the Holy Roman See, in the United States, made a rapid tour through the British Dominions. He visited Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and other cities of the Dominion, being everywhere received with great cordiality and honor by all orders of the Hierarchy as the Representative of our Holy Father, the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ. From Halifax Monsignor Roncetti proceeded to New York, where he was waited on by a committee of the Total Abstinence Union of America, who presented him with an address from that body to be conveyed to the Pope.

Mgr. Roncetti and Dr. Ubaldi left for Europe on board the steamship Asia on Saturday, July 31. It is rumored that they intend to visit Ireland before they return to Rome. If they do so their visit will be just in time for the O'Connell centenary of August 6th.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Besancon, France, died on July 5th, aged 79. He was consecrated Bishop of Langres in 1833, and promoted to the archbishopric of Besancon in the following year. Cardinal Mathieu was able, courageous, and indefatigable. Austere in his personal habits, he enforced a no less austerity on his clergy. He was devoted to the rights and interests of the Holy See, and despised the frowns of power, an example of which was afforded in the year 1865, when he read the Pope's Encyclical and Syllabus, despite the prohibition of the French Emperor, Napoleon III, for which act he was condemned by the Emperor's Council, but applauded by all true Catholics.

Besancon, the capital of the department of the Doubs, is a very ancient city, and contains 50,000 inhabitants, and a beautiful Gothic cathedral.

HARDLY a day passes but some amusing instance of the diversities of opinion among the adherents of the Church of England and the curious and complicated results of such diversities does not appear. A Mr. Jenkins, living at Christ Church, Clifton, England, edited a book, in which he denied the personality or real existence of the devil. Mr. Cook, the Protestant vicar, denied him the Communion. Mr. Jenkins asserted his right to receive it if he wished. The Dean of Arches and the Ecclesiastical Courts were appealed to, and have sustained the vicar. An appeal lies now to the Queen in Privy Council, and while the community is anxiously waiting for Her Most Gracious Majesty to settle the question of Satan's existence, it is divided into two fresh parties, the Pro-devils and the Anti-devils! Truly may Mr. Gladstone ask, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" when such travesties of religion are solemnly enacted in its courts.

THE Catholic clergy and laity of New York have sent an address to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. It is beautifully engrossed upon satin parchment, and illuminated in the style of the Middle Ages, and was executed by the Sisters of Mercy in Houston Street. It expresses the gratitude of the clergy to the Pope for the honor he has conferred upon America and New York by his elevation of the Archbishop of New York to the dignity of the Cardinalate. The address bore the signatures of Very Rev. Father Quinn, V. G.; Very Rev. Father Preston, V. G.; Father Young, Superior of the Paulists; Father O'Reilly; Dr. Wirth, Superior of the Re-

demptorists, and Father Hudon, of the Jesuits, as representing the Catholic clergy and laity of the Diocese. It was presented to the Ablegate on Friday, July 30th, for him to present to His Holiness.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY has taken passage on the French steamer Pereire, which leaves New York on Saturday, August 7th, for the purpose of attending the Consistory of the Sacred College which will be held in September. He will then receive the *red hat*, and have his titular church in Rome assigned to him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CRITICO-BIBLICAL DISQUISITION ON THE TIME DURING WHICH CHRIST LAY IN THE TOMB. By Francis De Hieronymo Jovino, S. J., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental languages in Woodstock College, Maryland. Latin and English. Woodstock College print, 1875.

This work is a novelty in literature; it is a biblical, theological, archeological, and historical discussion of the question: "Did our Divine Lord remain three days in the tomb?" We remember how as a child we used to be sorely puzzled in a solution of this question satisfactory to our own mind, for the computation of the time from sunset on Friday until daydawn of Sunday, did not answer to our notions of the *Tertia die* of the resurrection. The Rev. Mr. Watson, a Protestant minister of Salvisa, Kentucky, seems to have had a similar difficulty, for in an article over his own signature, in the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., dated 20th of August, 1874, he contends that Christ did remain seventy-two hours, or *three entire days*, in the bowels of the earth. He stated his arguments very clearly, but added that he would be pleased to have them thoroughly criticized by any competent person. That critic has been found in the person of Father Jovino, of Woodstock College, who has not only earned high honor for himself in the performance of his work, but has served to illustrate the workings of the splendid seminary in which he is a professor, a seminary without a rival of its class on the western continent. The argument is exhaustive, but at the same time, clear and concise. The work is printed in Latin and English, the pages alternating, so that the reader can compare them as the book lies open before him. It is printed on fine cream-color paper, in beautiful type, and besides the numerous extracts from Greek and Latin authors, is embellished with tables of the Oriental testimonies from Walton. The typographical beauties of the volume emanating from the private press of the Woodstock fathers, reflects as much credit on the mechanical as the intellectual excellence of their establishment. The work is a valuable addition to theological libraries, and of general service to biblical students.

NOTES ON THE RUBRICS OF THE ROMAN RITUAL; regarding the Sacraments in general, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By the Rev. James O'Kane, Senior Dean, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. New York: P. O'Shea, publisher, 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, Philadelphia.

Here is another standard republication, and one that we cordially welcome, as we do everything pertaining to the diffusion of rubrical or liturgical lore. We have frequently urged upon our readers the perusal of works on the liturgy, and while the rubrics do not particularly concern them, still they can learn something to their advantage by studying this most interesting branch of church discipline. We will suggest but a single instance: to how many houses of the faithful is not the priest often summoned to administer the solemn rites of the Church, or to carry the holy viaticum to a sick or dying inmate, and yet finds the members of the family totally ignorant of their duty in the way of preparation for the administration of the sacraments, and seemingly quite unconscious of the decency, to say nothing of respect, which should mark the visit of their divine soul in the most adorable eucharist, when he honors their domicile with his presence. This book is, however, more especially designed for the clergy, and we would scarcely presume to instruct our own teachers in their duty in the premises. Neither do we think it necessary to recommend this work. It does that for itself by the name of its author, the recommendation of their eminences of New York and Dublin, and the approbatory decree of the sacred Congregation of Rites, but still more in the fact that it now appears in its third edition. Of the many admirable features of this edition there is one that recommends it we think with peculiar favor,—that is, the unique idea of adding the table of authorities consulted

in its compilation. This immediately gives the student the direct means of private investigation of doubtful points, and affords special facilities for simplifying the labor of consultation and research.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS; or, The Problem Solved. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We have been exceedingly pleased with the tone of this work. We are all apt to declare doctrinal stories "dry," and discard them from our table, at least we used to do so, but now it is fashionable to be intellectual or to seem to be so, and one of the most popular forms of displaying "our little learning" is to talk theology (!). If some of our *self-made* theologians and dogmatic chatterboxes, such as Messrs. Furness, Frothingham, Chapin, or even Messrs. Moody and Sankey, would only have mind enough or humility sufficient to read this little book, what a benefit it might be to them. If their pride would counteract its influence on *themselves*, its perusal might have some effect on the strongminded among their female desciples, who are always "investigating" Christianity, instead of believing the Word of its Founder. "The Trimming of the HEDGES" is the most appropriate title that we can apply to the thorough dissection which this book gives to the theology of the gentleman with that florally intricate name. The authoress lops off the various branches of his religious theories in a manner sufficient to make a regular clearing in the bushes that are planted by men, and run wild on the border of the highway of Christian theology.

MADAME DE LAVALLE'S BEQUEST. Counsels for Young Ladies who have completed their Education. Translated from the fourth French edition, by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 1875.

The young Catholic ladies of the United States are certainly under a debt of gratitude to the translator and publisher, not only for the present work but for similar ones given before. Mother St. John, of Chestnut Hill, is indefatigable in translating such books, and Mr. Cunningham only awaits her signal to give them to the public. Last year, at the Commencement season, they gave us *Adeline De Chazel*, and now, the book before us, for which we cannot find any words of recommendation more suitable than those contained in the approbation of the Bishop of Valence, France: "A book inspired by true piety and tender affection for youth, in which the lessons of experience are exposed with talent, and in a simple and attractive style. We recommend it as a book most interesting, and well calculated to form young ladies to virtue."

HUBERT'S WIFE—A STORY FOR YOU. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This, too, is a controversial work, but of a different order from the one last mentioned. No danger of this being voted "dry." The facile and *naive* style in which the various "little unpleasantnesses," which will occur in even "the best-regulated families," when those families have been founded upon a mixed marriage, are portrayed with a truthfulness to life and an insight into character which borders on the broadly humorous as well as the deeply instructive. The authoress has given her tale the subtitle, *A Story for* YOU. The YOU is sadly suggestive. The temptation to mixed marriage has always been, and is yet so strong, that, notwithstanding all the counteracting efforts of the Church, every *second person singular* may be *pluralized*, either grammatically or matrimonially, under this emphatically titular pronoun.

MANUAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S. J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Too many books conducive to devotion, gratitude, and love towards the most adorable Sacrament of the altar, cannot be published, particularly when they treat of the Holy Communion, for the practice of those pious Christians who frequently approach the sacred table, and who make spiritual reading an integral part of their preparation, would alone support all of these excellent treatises as fast as the press could supply them. The present work is characterized by sentiments of tender and practical piety, and displays much originality of thought in its more instructive passages. The chapter on the mixed life is especially worthy of close perusal. The Imprimatur of his Eminence the Cardinal is affixed, and is, we believe, the first approbation given by him after his elevation to the purple, a fact which gives the work a character of some historical import.

THE YOUNG LADIES' ILLUSTRATED READER. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

This is one of the Young Catholic School Series from the press of the same house. Unusual taste and discrimination are dis-

played in its compilation, and some of the engravings are unusually good for a work of its class. The portrait of Mother Seton and "The Lily Maid of Astolat" deserve special mention.

THE PARADISE OF THE SOUL. By James Merlo Horstius, of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Pasculo Pastoris. A new and complete translation by lawful authority. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This is a new edition of a quaint and famous old work; is, in the language of its title-page, "delightful for its choicest pleasures of piety of every kind." Its author was born in 1597, and died at Cologne in 1644. His works have been highly appreciated by some of the great doctors of his day. We are particularly pleased with some of the translations of the old hymns interspersed through the volume. There are two exceptions, however, to be made to this latter commendation, and we advise that in future editions the silly versions of *St. Cossmir's Hymn* and the *Dies Iræ* be replaced by better ones, of which there are many existing. The book is very unfortunate in its form, being too bulky, otherwise it is issued in excellent taste.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With a Practical Instruction on the Life of each Saint for Every Day in the Year. In twelve parts; flexible cloth. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S. J., D.D. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. For sale, in Philadelphia, by P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street; C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street; and Catholic Publication Co., 924 Arch Street.

Part second of this beautifully written work is on our desk, and it seems to promise that each succeeding number will elicit new admiration for the author's charming style and the publisher's taste. We feel assured, that each volume will be a welcome contribution, till the whole work stands in completed excellence before us. We shall count the months of 1875 by their respective red-letter days, which bring us the succeeding volumes of these Lives. The frontispiece to the present number is a fine steel engraving of St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland. No Catholic household should ignore this book.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR. By Hendrick Conscience. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is the sixteenth volume of the great Flemish author's series of world-renowned novelettes. The hero is a young physician, and the plot develops the trials of his professional career, and the petty persecutions which generally beset the pathway of men who are marked for their high-toned honor and distinguished ability—trials which their integrity is always sure to eventually conquer. Hendrick Conscience is completely at home in treating such a theme, for his exquisite portrayals of the happiness of domestic virtue have rendered his name as famous in this line of writing as that of Andersen or the Brothers Grimm in fairy tales, or, we may even add, if the comparison is at all tenable, as that of Scott in historical romances.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE. By Lady Georgianna Fullerton. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received from The Philadelphia Catholic Publishing Company.

This is the first edition of this praiseworthy novel that we have seen in durable form. The former editions have been published in paper covers. This was unworthy the production of the gifted Lady Georgianna, and out of accord with the usual enterprise of the Messrs. Appletons. This work has, however, been purchased, together with two other romances by the same authoress, and Messrs. Sadliers, who now have the sole right of publication, have redeemed the negligence of the former owners.

ROSEMARY. A Tale of the Fire of London. By Lady Fullerton. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

An interesting novelette, by the same authoress, handsomely bound, and printed on heavy tinted paper. We need not recommend it; the authoress's name is sufficient. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR. A lecture delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, May 13th, 1872, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875.

We have received through P. F. Cunningham & Son the above pamphlet, issued in honor of the O'Connell centennial of August 6th, 1875, for which it is most opportune reading. The greatest of Irish preachers eulogizing the greatest of Irish patriots—what an inducement for its perusal! The pamphlet is embellished with several good and appropriate illustrations on wood.

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